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For the New-Yorker.

THE BASIL-FLOWER VASE.

A TALE OF BOCCACCIO.

Come, list to my story, fair damsels, I pray;
But let her who dreads tears from my bower keep away:
I ween, gallants gay, 'twas an eloquent sight,
To behold gentle Isabeau, peerless and bright,
Step forth, in the blush of the morn, 'mong the flowers,
As fresh as Aurora amid the Spring-bowers:
She looked on the sky—and she smiled on the earth,
And she deemed that in either Wo never had birth;
Then she harked to the lay of the young lark above her,
And turned from all these to sweet thoughts of her lover!

Her chosen she meets in that garden by stealth;
For he sports no gay titles and boasts not of wealth;
But his harp hath a song to awaken the slave,
And his name meets a thrill in the hearts of the brave,
But why comes he not? in the flush of the dawn
The star of the morning its beams hath withdrawn,
The swan swims the lake—the lark's carol is clear,
And the hum of the city falls sad on her ear;
There's a chill on her heart—there's a thorn in its core,
And a feeling of dread it ne'er throbbed with before.

Long days ebbed away, but her lover came not;
And ghost-like she roamed round the thrice-hallowed spot
Where last they had parted—its flow'rs were all dead,
And hope with their bloom from her bosom had fled:
Dark frowned her base brothers, and half she deemed why;
She read Laurent's fate in each cold felon eye:
She clung to their knees and besought them to say
Where he roamed if alive, or where slumbered his clay:
But they scornfully sneered on the loved of their mother,
And vowed that ere long she should wed with another.

To the kind Saints that poor broken-hearted one prayed,
And her innocent head on the pillow she laid,
When a wing'd-purple cloudlet sailed down from above,
And on it there rested the form of her Love:
He signed the bless'd cross on the maid's pallid brow,
And kissed her cold cheek which was colorless now,
And told how afar from Messina's bright towers,
To where the black cliff o'er the lone ocean lowers,
Her brothers had lured Him, confiding, away,
To partake of the chase at the close of the day—

How they plunged in his bosom their long daggers keen,
And bathed in his heart-blood their mantles of green,
And buried him deep in a cave of the rock,
Where his sad lonely dirge is the wave's wintry shock:
Then he led her away in her dream, to the cave
Where the white surges beat, and the solemn winds rave,
And, covered with sea-weeds cold heaped by the storm,
He showed her his corse, unprofaned by the worm:
But Aurora's smile stole o'er her soft silken bed;
Her eyes she unsealed—and the fond vision fled!

Then her limbs she arrayed, and she wandered away
By the blue singing sea, gently kissed by its spray;
But she stopped not, I wist, to pick up the gay shell,
To gem the green marge of her pure garden-well;
But onward she hied, with a tear in her eye
—That sorrowful fountain which Death could but dry!
Till she came to the cave where her dead lover slept,
Which so long in its bosom the secret had kept;
And she wept o'er his corse with her hand-maiden there,
And combed the sea-weeds from his long flowing hair.

There it lay in its beauty, the form of her Love!
Death his cheek's manly smile could not wholly remove:
His rich auburn tresses gleamed fair on the sand;
His ruby ring sparkled in light on his hand,
And serene was his brow!—As she looked on her brave
She longed to bestow in a mass-hallowed grave
His clay—but the hope in her lorn bosom sunk,
So she severed the head from the beautiful trunk,
And bore it away 'neath her mantle of white,
And placed it in love by her pillow at night!

And she wrapped that loved head in a blue kerchief soft,
Whose tresses of light had hung o'er her so oft,
And placed it with care in a rich porcelain vase,
Then hid with sweet earth the sad smile of that face,
And planted above it the meek Basil-Flower:
While her tears, like the dew of the rich twilight hour,
Fell o'er it in grief, as she faded away,
Like a ghost to the tomb—in her young heart's decay;
And they wondered why ever that sweet flower she kept
In her sorrowful chamber, and over it wept!

They stole the Flower-Vase when the maiden was gone,
And found the fair head of her heart's worshipped one,
Which they laid at the feet of the maid's eldest brother
The guilty ones quailed, and looked dark on each other!
Next morning they fled from the city, and left
The lorn Isabeau of all kindred bereft;
And she melted away like a sweet silvery sound;
For her soul with her Lover's communion had found;
In an amaranth bower she now dwelleth with him,
'Neath the arch of a rainbow which ne'er waneth dim!

Paris, 1836. FALCONER.

For the New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM MEXICO.

NUMBER XXI.

Agave Americana, or Maguey—mode of cultivating—appearance—Agua Miel—mode of collecting—Pulque—Chingarito—Vino Mescal—Maguey paper—profits of culture—An Indian delicacy.

One of the most curious productions of this singular country is the *Maguey*, or Great American Aloe. The various uses to which it is applied are of such importance to the interests of the community that a short account of the plant and its principal applications may not be unacceptable.

There are a vast number of plants scattered over the face of Mexico, known by the common generic name of aloe, which are principally natives of the elevated regions of this mountainous country. Those which are first seen in ascending from the coast are dwarf species, many of which form conspicuous objects in the underwood along the road, from the bright red of their leaves. As the journey tends upward, the larger species come into view, and at last the Maguey, or *Agave Americana* of Linnæus.

This plant, to arrive at perfection, seems to require a tropical climate, with a hot sun during the day, and an Alpine atmosphere, keen and bracing, at night. At Perote, the second day's stage from Vera Cruz, all these points are attained,—for the cold is often excessive at night, with the frost lying on the ground; and here the Maguey forms a regular part of the agricultural industry of the district. The road is lined with it on both sides; and in the month of April, many of the plants being in flower, the traveller is presented with a botanical novelty that strikes him exceedingly if seen for the first time.

The mode of culture is extremely simple. The old plants produce one or two offsets near the ground, which are torn off when they have attained a sufficient growth. They are then scattered on an open spot exposed to the sun, and left to wither two or three weeks. When sufficiently dried by the sun and wind, they are planted in hedge-rows on a raised bank, or whole acres are set out with them at the regular distance of about six feet apart. One would naturally suppose that this mode of treatment would be very unfavorable to the future success of the plant—and in truth it would be difficult to say on what principle it proceeds; yet such is the practice, and there is no doubt it has been found the best way—hardly a plant ever fails. It will thrive in any soil, but appears to arrive at the greatest perfection in a sandy loam.

The leaves of the plant rise immediately from the ground, for it has no stem except when in flower. They are of colossal size, varying from six to ten feet long, fluted, about two feet broad at the base, which width continues the greater part of the length; they are two or three inches thick in the middle, diminishing towards the sides, where they are set with strong spikes, and terminate in a point ending with a single spike. It forms an impenetrable fence. The fresh and lively green of these leaves—if they can be called such—seen through a bloom which covers them, like that on the surface of a plum, is particularly agreeable to the eye. It is a very singular looking and highly ornamental plant, but its beauty forms not even one of the many reasons for its cultivation; indeed, if this were all, I fear the plant would never be seen,—for no people on the face of the earth care less for ornamental agriculture than the Mexicans.

At the end of from seven to ten years, according to soil and a variety of circumstances, the plant begins to form for flower. At this period its character is changed—it becomes almost a tree. A stem of eighteen to twenty-four feet, and proportionally stout, rises rapidly from the heart, and, having attained its full growth, the flowers break from their casings, large and colossal, crowning the summit of the trunk.

It is quite an erroneous opinion that this plant is so very many years—fifty or a hundred—before it flowers. Doubtless its period might be considerably retarded in cold northern climates, where it could not make the same progress in a year—but not so long as that. The kind of Aloe, however, which in Europe is said to be so long in flowering, is very different from this; and its flowering at all is perhaps a greater anomaly than the prolonged period at which it occurs. Altogether it is a remarkable plant when in flower; but nothing to equal a species that blooms every fourteen years, which I have seen in a private garden in Europe, forming a regular cone of white bell-shaped flowers about ten feet high.—But as this is precisely the period at which the plant is of the greatest value, it is not permitted usually to rear its tree-like stem; for its juice is what forms the grand national beverage of Mexico, called *Pulque*. It may be obtained two or three years earlier, but in smaller quantities, and of an inferior quality. When the plant is preparing to flower, however, the juice is in perfection and very abundant.

To obtain the juice, the crown is cut off, and a hole about as large as a man's head is scooped, cup-fashion, into the solid part near the ground. The juice which should have been expended in forming the stem, now flows into this receptacle, which is covered by a leaf of the plant doubled over it, and forms a thick liquor called *agua miel*, or *hydromel*, said to be unwholesome in this state, though it is certainly very palatable.

The plants are visited regularly, particularly morning and evening. The individual whose duty it is to collect the liquor, carries a raw pig-skin at his back, open at the neck, which is uppermost, and tied up securely with strong strings at the various openings, such as where the legs are cut off, &c. He also bears in his hand a long and slender gourd-shell by way of a pipe, pierced with a very small hole at top and at bottom. He goes his rounds, taking every plant in its turn. He raises the leaf that covers the cavity containing the exuded juice, and, putting one end of the gourd into it, he applies his mouth to the orifice at the upper extremity, when, inspiring the air contained in the shell, and expiring it by the nose, the juice is drawn into the vacuum. As he now covers the mouth-hole with the fore-finger, the collected juice cannot escape through the bottom; then, passing the calabash over his shoulder, he introduces the lower end into the neck of the skin, and, releasing the fore-finger, the contents are discharged into it. The plant continues to afford this juice for many months.

The collected *agua miel* is now suffered to ferment, after which it is mixed with water, when it becomes what is called *pulque*—put into raw skins and carried by the Indians to the city. It is liable to an *alcabala* duty, which is levied in the Custom-House or at the *garitas*; but this branch of the revenue has of late fallen off considerably. The diminution is thought to be owing chiefly to the establishment of breweries and the introduction of wines and spirits into Mexico.

The best *pulque* comes from the plains of Appan, not far from Puebla. The reputation of the liquor from this district stands unrivalled.

Pulque is strongly recommended by the faculty to persons of weak stomachs, and is drank in immense quantities by all classes. Stangers do not at first relish the article, but gene-

rally become in time extremely fond of it. For my own part, it always seems to have imbibed the peculiar flavor of the pig-skin,—and as this is a flavor that does not suit my palate, I seldom touch it unless disguised as orange or pine *pulque*, when, with plenty of sugar, it is very good.

From this drink is distilled another called *chinga-rito*, which is consumed here by the lower orders in great quantities; and a liquor which is called *vino mezcal*, a really good and strong spiritous wine, is the produce of another species of maguey, whose leaves are yellow and striped.

The maguey yields an abundance of a resinous gum, the properties of which, I think, have not been investigated,—and indeed I am not aware that it is ever applied to any useful purpose. If a fresh and clean looking leaf be selected, and a knife be passed lightly in any form over its surface, the skin included between the cuts may be peeled off for any size from four to five feet long by one and a half wide. This skin (for it can hardly be called a bark) is evenly thin and moderately transparent when fresh, but assumes a semi-opake appearance on drying, when it is very brittle. The Indians anciently made use of it as a substitute for paper, but they possessed the art of rendering it flexible, which they have since lost. The gum above mentioned is doubtless the main obstacle to an extensive use of this elegant substance, which, I have been assured, when wetted, to render it temporarily flexible, and then glued on paste-board, is equal to ivory for miniature painting. A chemical solvent for the gum would be very desirable. The celebrated hieroglyphical painting of the migration of the Astek Indians, in the museum of Mexico, is executed on this species of paper, and is really a curious relic. The skin varies materially in flexibility, according to climate and soil; for some that I had obtained at the village of Las Vigas before arriving at Perote, has proved much thinner and more flexible than any other specimens I have met with.

The leaves also furnish a strong, thick kind of wiry fibre, known by the name of *zacate*, and which is folded into a loose wisp, and used to wash the hands. When beaten and treated like hemp, it affords a good material for string and rope, but not so strong. The whole leaves may frequently be seen in country places employed as gutter-pipes to carry off the water from the flat roofs of the houses; a purpose for which they are well adapted, from their peculiar fluted conformation.

The cultivation of the maguey must yield an immense profit, if we take into consideration the number of plants that may be set out upon an acre at six feet distance, each of which will be worth from five to ten dollars, if of good quality and not far from market; and although five or six years must elapse before the fruits can be realized, yet the capital is lying at good interest; the plant requires but little attention—hoeing the earth about its roots once in six months being all that is necessary.

Among the lower orders, it is considered a greater crime to steal the *agua miel* from their neighbors' plants than to send a fellow-creature to the other world! The state of their morals may be inferred.

The rotten roots of this plant contain an enormous grub, which is esteemed a delicacy!

The Indians are fond of *pulque* to excess, and are as commonly intoxicated as not. I have heard a half-drunken fellow of this class say, "It is better to be drunk one hour than to be chief alcalde for ten years." This, however, must not be understood of the *Mexicans*, or descendants of the Spanish, who, without exception, are the most temperate people in the world.

S. W.

A LANGUAGE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED.—Of all the languages of the earth, that of the Hungarian and Transylvania Magyars, is said to be the only one which has survived unchanged, amidst the changes of political connections, conquests, commerce and arts. That extraordinary people have maintained their original language, their manners and usages, unaltered in the very heart of despotism, neither deriving improvement from the high civilization of the Germans, nor debasing novelties from the Slavonians. The colonists who have from time to time settled in Hungary, the victors who have traversed their fields, and the mixed nations on its borders, have all failed to inoculate the language of the Magyars with a foreign taint.

For the New-Yorker.

THE FIRST TEMPEST.

'T was noontide; far in those lone climes of rest,
With foot-prints of a wanderer never pressed—
In those deep shadowy solitudes where ne'er
The music-voice of man, on Nature's ear
Had stolen in the eloquence of thought—
Along those cooling floods, as yet unsought
By Eve's fair daughters, startling at the dream
Of their reflected beauty in the stream—
In regions far from Eden's haunts—there 'rose
A storm! The sun's long heat had brought the woes
Of drought; the summer bloom was scorched; no dew
As in the happier 'East,' fell softly true
To Evening's moonlit presence there; the sheaf
Of meadow grass, and e'en the lofty wood
Seemed trembling in the unagitated flood
Of fervid air. At length the sunny smile
That slept upon the auburn leaves, awhile
Faded from all the landscape. Winds did stir
To their augmented strength. Low bent the fir
And mountain-pines. The tempest called aloud
The Eternity above to yield him clouds
That were not born of ocean. From the sky
Delirious and troubled, far on high,
Rushed the original lightning; scathing none,
But mingling with the elements, as, lone,
It dropped down from th' unlifted arm of God's
Unwakened vengeance. It was not a rod
Of scourging to his nations; though men thought,
As low in awe they bowed themselves, they caught
Faint sounds of His swift chariot rolling by
The distant paths of the clear azure sky.
For yet upon man's home there did not lie
The shades of darkening clouds; his ardent eye
Had not yet seen the sun-light sleeping high
And beautifully in their golden folds.
The arch that reached above him, he had told
His heart, was the Creation's vaulted roof;
But he dreamed not in his young thoughts, forsooth,
The elemented strife of Earth could raise
And gather there aloft her incense-haze;
To veil the presence of that awful One,
Amid the lightning's revelry, alone!

* * * * * * *

The storm was spent. Reviving beauty came
Upon the Earth; and whispering winds, the same
In mildness and in sweetness that did stir
In earlier times, the elm, the pine, and fir,
And mountain-woods. Evening her mists distilled
Around the gates of Paradise, and filled
The folded leaf with dew; and lingering there,
Exiled from God, and pressed with earthly care,
Man drank the cooling breath; but could not know
That the far-murmuring storm had made it so.

Hamilton College, Dec. 1836. G. H.

For the New-Yorker.

EXCERPTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

A CALL TO PREACH AND A CALL TO HEAR.

One meets with a great variety of character in every collegiate institution. It is true that the majority are your regular plodding scholars, whose sole business is to work out mathematical problems and dig out Greek, and who have no prominent characteristics to draw attention. But still there is a host of your 'odd fellows,' 'queer chicks,' and 'real originals,' who are seldom found congregated together any where else.

Among the many *rara aves* that I met with during my college course was one W——, a strange, wooden-headed fellow, who, from some unaccountable fancy, had determined to study divinity. A class-mate of his, who was rather incredulous with regard to W——'s mental and moral qualifications for the sacred desk, determined to know what led him to think of pursuing that profession.

"Well, W——," said H——, "how under the heavens came you to think of studying divinity?"

"Why, sir," replied W——, "the Lord gave me a call to preach."

"Humph!" ejaculated H——, "I trust He'll never give me a call to hear you."

HELL.

"Hell, my dear hearers," exclaimed an Irish clergyman, while addressing a barn-full of barbarians, in the back part of the Emerald Isle—"Hell is a place of inexpressible torment, besides being altogether inconvanient."

FEMALE EDUCATION.

There is no subject which is entitled to so large a share of public attention in this country as the education of females. The influence of Woman is *felt* in a republican government—operating secretly and silently, yet powerfully, upon all ages, classes, and conditions of men.

Upon the mother rests the interesting task of cultivating the germ of the infant's mind. The plant grows up under her hands—receiving its shape, and being brought to put forth the fragrant flower, and to yield the delicious fruit, or to bear nothing but thorns, and to yield nothing but deadly poisons. The mother stamps the character of her child, implants in its heart either good or bad principles, and prepares it for a life of usefulness or of infamy, and for an eternity of happiness or woe.

A solemn responsibility rests upon American mothers.—Their sons are born *freemen*, and it is the imperative duty of the mother to *fit* them to be free—to teach them the value of the privileges they inherit, and the vital importance of their watching over them with unsleeping vigilance. If the mind of the mother is stored with useful knowledge, she will fully appreciate the advantages of education; and when she is called upon to produce her jewels, like the Roman matron, she will bring forth her intelligent and well educated children, and exclaim, "These are my jewels."

The kind and gentle admonitions of a loved sister will often bring back the wandering brother to the path of virtue. Or if he is treading the walks of literature, she will animate him to contend powerfully for the green wreath of the scholastic victor,—or if he has entered the political arena, will stimulate him to reach a lofty rank, by commanding the respect and gaining the confidence of his fellow men.

The wife—'Heaven's last, best gift to man'—the brightest flower in his path of life—the wife is the grand moral regulator of society. Destroy the influence of Woman, by making her the slave instead of the companion of man, and you dissolve the bonds that hold society together; you break the chain that binds man to all law, municipal and moral, to his government and to God. When the mind of the wife is richly cultivated and the husband is possessed of talent and education, the marriage relation becomes a source of the most refined pleasure. The biography of almost every distinguished woman confirms this.

In mingling with the family circle around the domestic fire-side, I am often pained by hearing the mother say, "My daughter has finished her education." Done bestowing any culture upon her mind! as if a rational being could be taught so much, and no more, 'like the brutes that perish.'

A young lady at sixteen, in the fashionable phrase, has 'finished her education,' and is 'brought out' into the world, to dress, dance, play upon some instrument, flirt, rattle off in company the requisite modicum of small talk, and to try to catch a rich husband—riches being viewed by prudent mammas as a much more important consideration than brains in this business of match-making.

And is such a woman qualified to assume the important responsibilities of a wife and of a mother? Every individual possessed of common sense must answer, No. Then reform your present system of educating females. Consider them as rational and immortal beings, capable of receiving and of appreciating the advantages of education, possessed of a most powerful influence in society—an influence which, if properly directed by cultivated mind, will be productive of the highest happiness to man,—but if otherwise, will be to him a source of misery, and wretchedness, and wo.

MATRIMONIAL DEFINING.

"My dear," said Mrs. Somebody to her spouse, (Mr. Somebody, of course,) as they sat in their parlour, *tete-a-tete*, a few nights after the termination of the honey-moon, "what is the difference of meaning between the two words *exported* and *transported*?"

"I can easily explain it, my love," replied Mr. Somebody—his thin lips wearing at the moment a gall-and-wormwood smile.

"Do, then, my darling," said the lady, looking as amiable as possible.

"Well, then," began Mr. S. "if you were put on board of a ship and carried over the ocean to the coast of Africa, *you*, my love, would be *exported*, while *I* should be *transported*."

N. B.—Rumor, with her hundred tongues, had reported, but the day before the above conversation took place, that Mr. S. had talked very closely and feelingly with Mrs. S. upon the interesting subject of domestic economy; and that Mrs. S. had hinted very plainly to Mr. S. that married men had much better spend their evenings at home, reading the papers or retailing the town news to their wives, than to pass them at the tavern, betting on elections and sipping slings.

CONNUBIAL BLISS.

A certain old lady, who was possessed of a large estate, left her by a former husband, unfortunately became the victim of a fortune-hunter. Like many others of the fair sex, both young and old, she found out the 'take-in' a few weeks after the matrimonial knot had been tied. Shortly after making this pleasing discovery, she received a verbal invitation to the wedding of a friend.

"Thank you," she replied to the bearer of the message—"I believe I must decline—I have been already to one wedding too many."

HAPPY INDIFFERENCE.

A 'lewd fellow' in a certain town in the Land of Steady Habits, whose moral character was not altogether like that of Cæsar's wife, 'above suspicion,' took it into his head (as Yankees generally express it) to apply for admission into the church. That body, when they came to have a hearing upon his application, and made themselves acquainted with his fly-blown reputation, determined, very wisely, to decline the honor of the connection. The individual who was appointed their organ to communicate to the applicant their decision, wishing to smooth the matter to him, told him that the church was full, and that they could not receive him. The fellow, after cogitating a few moments, replied—

"Well, I s—r I know what I *can* do, if I can't get into the church—*I can list into the troop.*" G. K.

Norwich, Conn. Dec. 1836.

For the New-Yorker.

PHRENOLOGY.

Mr. Editor—It was not till yesterday that your paper of the 5th November, containing an article upon Phrenology, fell into my hands. The article alludes to a recent discussion on the subject of Phrenology in the Academie des Sciences in Paris, and announces that at the close of the discussion M. Gueneau de Mussy came out against the science "in a manner so lucid and convincing (!) as to obtain the universal assent of the Academie."

If this were really so, (to believe which, I must confess, requires a stronger developement of the organ of *Marvellousness* than I find myself possessed of,) it must have afforded no little cause of exultation to all the calumniators of Phrenology, the manufacturers of anti-phrenological facts, and the whole host of opposers to the science, dwelling in and about the French metropolis; for they must have considered the science as now writhing under its death-wound, if not already defunct and buried.

But let us look at the arguments employed by the learned Mr. G. Mussy, with which, like another Hercules, he has had the dexterity to dash to the earth this mighty monster. In the first place, he comes forward with the bold assertion, (which, to be sure, he says has been *demonstrated* to him!) that "the principles which it (Phrenology) has hitherto laid down, offer only uncertainty and instability, and that the results which are given as flowing from it, have been frequently disproved and often modified."

Now if these assertions had a particle of truth in them, they would be serious charges against Phrenology; but that they have, I utterly deny, though I do not doubt the sincerity of M. Mussy in making them. The principles laid down and believed in by phrenologists, so far from being 'uncertain,' rest upon the certainty of physical and mental demonstrations—the demonstrations of innumerable facts, which never have been and never can be denied or disproved, and which are daily accumulating in a ratio corresponding with the increasing interest which this immensely curious and interesting subject is every where awakening; and as to the 'instability' of these principles, the everlasting hills are not more stable than they; and the Academy of Science may as well undertake to overturn the one as the other.

And that the science 'has been frequently disproved,' or *ever* disproved, or essentially 'modified,' I must have the boldness most positively to deny; and I appeal to the whole history of its discovery and progress to sustain me in this position. I know, indeed, that many statements have gone forth to the public, which, *if correct*, would disprove the principles of Phrenology; but none of them that have come to my knowledge will bear close scanning. I have found them all to be mistakes or misstatements. Other anti-phrenological facts there are, to be sure, which are true enough; but then their misfortune happens to be, that none of them bear upon either the truth or the falsity of the science.

But, on the other hand, not a day has passed since I began to search for proofs both for and against the science, in which I have not witnessed, either in the examinations of the Messrs. Fowlers in this city, or elsewhere, scores, nay, frequently, hundreds of facts—yea, stubborn, undeniable facts—that go directly to prove the truth of the science—and facts that are utterly inexplicable on any other principles than those which admit the correctness of the science; and —what is *not* singular, though some may deem it so—in all these researches, I have not become acquainted with one solitary fact or proof against it. This, I repeat, is not at all singular or extraordinary, but in strict accordance with what we might expect on the ground that Phrenology is a true science; for if it is true, it must be so, not in part, but wholly true, and in perfect harmony with the nature and constitution of man, and with the whole universe or system of things in the midst of which we find him placed.

In opposition to this statement, I am aware that they who array the mistakes of those who are unskilled and inaccurate in applying the principles of Phrenology, as arguments against it, have some reason to suppose that it has often been 'disproved;' but Phrenology is no more accountable for the blunders of empirical manipulators in the science than is the science of Medicine for the malpractices and impostures of her quack-doctors.

But the following argument seems to be the grand battle-axe with which Monsieur Mussy hews down Phrenology: He says that phrenologists have laid down a principle in relation to the correlative size of the brain and strength of the mental faculties, "which at one blow saps the foundations of the science. Phrenology considers only the material developement of what it calls organs,—and yet in that is only one of the elements of their power, which alone signifies nothing; it is necessary, in order to appreciate that power, to be able also to measure the activity which animates them;"—just as if phrenologists paid no attention to the activity of the organs!

Here M. Mussy is entirely at fault again, by drawing correct conclusions from false premises. On what authority, I beg leave respectfully to ask, does the learned gentleman presume to assert that Phrenology considers 'only the material developement' of the respective organs, and that, in order to appreciate their power, it is not necessary to 'measure the activity which animates them?' On what authority, I repeat, does he make this bold—I had almost said impudent —assertion! for I positively know that no such doctrine is either taught or admitted by the phrenological writers or lecturers of this country, or by Drs. Gall, Spurzheim, or Combe; but, on the contrary, they all maintain directly the reverse. Were I not ashamed to stoop so low as to answer such bare-faced misstatements, I would quote extensively from these writers, and thus present incontestible proof that they hold, one and all of them, that we are to judge of the positive mental power and efficiency of an individual only by the size of the brain or organs taken in connexion with their activity, or—what is the same thing—in connexion with the temperament; and they all lay down rules by which to judge of the temperaments.

I shall trouble your readers with only one quotation in confirmation of the statement I here make,—and that is taken from Mr. Fowler's new work upon the subject. In speaking of the mental manifestations, he says, "Much more depends upon the physiology of the body and the qualities of the brain, or, what is the same thing, upon the temperament of the individual, than upon the size and combination of his organs."—(P. 38.)

Now what must we think of the arguments of those who oppose Phrenology, when we see them driven to such miserable subterfuges as these to sustain themselves? It is no apology for the learned M. Mussy to say that he had been misinformed upon this subject. It was his duty to look into the works of phrenologists, and inform himself of their doctrines, before he had the presumption to state what they were, and misrepresent them. The fact is, I have not yet seen one argument against Phrenology fairly and honestly conducted, unless, like the present, it was an argument founded upon false premises.

But, after all, even if the premises of this argument had happened to be true, and consequently the conclusion drawn from them a just one, it would by no means destroy Phrenology, or 'sap its foundation,' or materially lessen its utility; for it would not at all militate against deciding upon the character and kind of talents possessed by an individual; or, in other words, though it might prevent correct decisions upon the positive intellectual power of an individual, it could not interfere with decisions upon the relative power of his various faculties, which alone furnish the data by which to decide upon the character and kind of talents possessed by him; for, whether a brain is active or sluggish—whether an individual possesses a nervous or a lymphatic, a sanguine or a bilious temperament, it is obvious that whatever quality belongs to one portion of a given brain, must necessarily be the quality of another portion, and of the whole brain; hence, all parts of the same brain being equally active, it follows that the character and kind of talents possessed by the individual would depend (admitting Phrenology to be true) upon the relative size of the different parts of the brain, or upon the organs.

But Phrenology is not lame in regard to its decisions upon the absolute or positive power of the mental manifestations; for it *can* determine, and that with a high degree of accuracy and certainty, the quality and activity of any given brain—with as much accuracy and certainty, indeed, as the other natural sciences can determine the qualities and positive powers of the respective substances of which they treat; and therefore, before we are obliged to abandon Phrenology on this ground, we must, on the same ground, give up Botany, Chymistry, Mineralogy, Electricity, and so forth.

New-York, Dec. 8, 1836. VERITAS.

A Word from the Editor.—Our correspondent has fallen into the error which he condemns in his antagonist: he gives us too much assertion, too little demonstration. We publish his article notwithstanding, but deprecate any controversy with respect to the truth of Phrenology in our columns. We do not care enough about it to be ranked as an opponent; and, in fact, we mean to make one huge swallow of Phrenology, Homœopathy, Animal Magnetism, and sundry other marvels, in due season. The preparation must be a work of time, however.

ANECDOTE OF MALIBRAN.—During Madame Malibran's last visit to Italy, she had occasion to stop at a small village to procure a change of horses. The inhabitants even of this secluded spot had heard of Malibran, and, discovering that she was among them, they entreated her to favor them with a few of those notes which had been turned into so much gold—those notes which had delighted the whole civilized world. Madame, vexed at the importunity of the villagers, which at last amounted to a command, somewhat angrily denied their request. The people were, however, determined not to be disappointed, and declared that she should have no horses to continue her journey until she had obliged them. De Beriot, who, at this time, in consequence of her desire to keep the marriage secret, was travelling with her incognito, as her page, stepped into the balcony of the inn where they were stopping, and commenced playing an extemporaneous *fantasia* expressive of Malibran's sorrow, and of the rage of the assembled throng of people round the window. The execution of the piece was so brilliant and descriptive that Malibran, carried away by her feelings of admiration, could not help exclaiming "Bravo, De Beriot!" The multitude caught up the word, and echoed in long-continued shouts, "Bravo, De Beriot!" Malibran, moved at the applause bestowed on her gifted companion, sang two or three pieces in her best style, and so enraptured were the villagers with the charms of De Beriot's playing and Malibran's singing, that instead of permitting the horses to be put to their carriage, they insisted on yoking themselves, and dragging the delight-imparting travellers through their village, and for two or three miles on their journey

Neilson's Memoirs of Malibran.

From the Ontario Repository.

SODUS BAY.

Slow fades the sun on Arran's wooded isle,*
And shadows fall on Islay's steep the while;
The last faint glimmer of departing day
Beams softly down the forest-skirted bay,
Tinging with gold the dark tall trees that wave,
In gloomy stillness, o'er the hunter's grave;—
The night-breeze faintly whispers, and the frog
Sends up his far-off music from the bog;
The fisherman, with homeward plying oar,
Rows his light skiff along the darkling shore,
And ever, as his dipping paddles plash,
The stilly beech returns the echoed dash;
Sound after sound, that spoke of day's dominion,
Is slowly hushed—Night spreads her sable pinion.
The moon is up, with all her starry daughters!—
A summer moonlight evening on the waters!
It is a night when all we used to dream,
In by-gone days, of loveliness, doth seem
Spread out before us, like the very stars
That glitter yonder on their radiant cars.
It is a night when holy feelings start
And gush unbidden from the swelling heart;
When all the joys and woes of vanished years
Come sweetly up, and 'blind thee een wi' tears.'
Such moments ope the coffers of our love
And show us treasures that we knew not of;
They teach us what a light upon the breast
Is one sweet hour of care-forgotten rest.
Methinks the night-breeze in its wanderings
Bears blessed thoughts upon its viewless wings;
For as its fingers gently part my hair,
I feel as if th' Almighty's hand was there,
Bidding the passions of the heart be still,
Nor lift their voices, save to do His will.
Oh, if the worldling, when he felt the blight
Of woe, would seek such seasons as to-night—
If, when the cup of Pleasure, ever full,
Palled on his senses, and his pulse grew dull—
And Youth's gay visions proved, at nearer sight,
Like the child's diamond, but a dew-drop's light—
If, when his heart had wasted all its fire
In fruitless yearnings after something higher,
He would but steal from sordid thoughts away
To some sweet vision, like this moonlit bay,
And like a child, for one such quiet hour,
Yielding his spirit to its chastening power,
Forget awhile his follies—what a host
Of noble hearts were saved, that now are lost! E.

* Arran, Islay, and Bute, islands in the bay.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE DARKER AGES.

FRIAR RUSH AND THE FROLICKSOME ELVES.

The literature which the darker ages have left us is not of that kind which would indicate to us the lighter superstitions of our forefathers. The impressions of fear are deeper and more permanent than those of mirth, and are more speedily communicated. The monks, whose greatest error was not that of scepticism, partook in all the superstitions of the vulgar—they disbelieved none of the fables of paganism, but they looked upon them in a new light. To them all spirits were either angels or devils, and as their canons assured them that the beings of the vulgar creed, which were in fact the remains of paganism, were not to be admitted into the former class, they threw them all indiscriminately into the latter. The creed of the monks could naturally admit of no harmless devils, of none who played for the sake of play alone, and the pranks and gambols and mischievous tricks of a puck or a hobgoblin were only so many modes by which the evil one sought to allure any simple countryman into his power, to lead him to temptation and sin. But the playful freaks of Satan were not so often performed before the monks themselves, and therefore seldom found a place in their legends. The fears of the peasantry, on the other hand, were soon imparted to their spiritual teachers, and the latter were, or believed themselves to be, constantly persecuted by the malignity of the demons. It is our impression, indeed, that the monkish superstitions were entirely founded upon the older popular superstitions: instead of fighting against the errors of paganism, they soon fell themselves into that of supposing that they were engaged in a more substantial war against the spirits who belonged to the older creed, and whose interest it would be to support it. Thus, in their eagerness for the battle, they created their opponents. As the monks were general successful in these encounters, they became bolder, and resolved to attack the enemy in his strong hold, seeking solitary residences among the fens and wilds. Hence, perhaps, arose in some degree the passion for becoming hermits. From all these circumstances it arises that, in the legends of the monks, although it is the creed of the peasantry which is presented to us, yet that creed is there so distorted and so partially represented as to be with difficulty recognised.

We have thus but little knowledge of the mirthful beings, the pucks and robin-goodfellows, of the peasantry, during the earlier ages of our history. That the popular mythology included such beings we have abundant proofs in the numerous allusions to them at a somewhat later period, namely, the twelfth century, after which the traces of them again nearly disappeared, until the period when the invention of printing, and the consequent facility of making books, created a literature for the vulgar, and when the stories of their popular belief which had hitherto been preserved orally, were collected for their diversion. Then we find that, as in earlier ages separate ballads had been woven together into epic cycles, so these popular stories were strung together, and a certain character of reality given to them in the person of a single hero, a Robin Goodfellow, a Hudekin, or, as in the curious tract whose title heads our paper, a Friar Rush. The sudden appearance of these stories and collections of stories gives rise to problems relating to their formation, which the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the stories in their earlier form renders it sometimes difficult to resolve; and it is only by an historical comparison of our scanty data that we can arrive at any satisfactory knowledge of the nature and sources of the materials of which they are composed.

In this research, we must not reject even the legends of the monks, for they sometimes illustrate the lighter superstitions of our peasantry, as we may easily enough suppose, because, so long as the monks believed the imaginary pranks of the bobgoblins to be so many temptations of the evil one, there was no reason why, though they were generally subject to severer trials, he should not at times practise upon them the same jokes, by way of diversifying his attacks. When the great Luther could believe a girl to be possessed by "a jovial spirit," we may easily pardon the monks if we sometimes find them in their legends subjected to temptations of the evil one which are very equivocal in their nature, and in which he shows himself in a no less equivocal form. Indeed in some of these temptations it is difficult to say what was the harm intended, and we can only explain the monkish story by translating it into the language and creed of the peasantry, and by introducing Robin Goodfellow upon the stage. As an example we will take a saint of a somewhat later period, of the twelfth century, because we have abundant authorities to prove that the frolicsome elves then held their place in the popular mythology. Every one must have heard of St. Godric and his solitary hermitage at Finchale, near Durham, on the banks of the Wear, a spot too wild not to be haunted by hosts of hobgoblins. Generally speaking, though it is certain that they led him a very uneasy life, Godric seems to have been too strong or too cunning for his spiritual tormentors. Once, however, he was deceived. A goblin appeared to him in the night, and told him that by digging in a certain place he would find a treasure. Godric was not covetous, but he thought that it would be a more Christianlike act to take the money and distribute it among the poor, than to let it lie buried in the earth—he believed the evil one, in spite of the admonitions of his faith which characterised him as a liar from the beginning,—but out of the hole which he dug, instead of treasure, there came a troop of elves, who laughed at the hermit and fled away. Godric's chief employment was digging in his garden One day, while he was at work, came a man whose stature and appearance were sufficient to create suspicion—he reproached Godric with idleness, and the saint, who was again deceived, gave him his spade, and allowed him to proceed in his work whilst he himself went to his devotions. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the stranger in the course of an hour had done the work of eight days. With the sacred images which were in his book he put to flight the evil one, and he made the earth which had been dug do penance by lying fallow for seven years.

If we look upon the two foregoing stories as mere saints' legends, they are out of their place, and appear to us to have no object—the whole amount of the evil done or intended by the devil was but a merry frolic; but when we look upon them in another light, when we consider that Godric himself was but a peasant, and naturally enough he partook in the superstitions of his fellows, we recognise in the first a treasure legend, one which may be compared with any of those in our excellent friend Crofton Croker's Irish Tales, and in the tall gentleman who dug so efficiently there can be no doubt that we have the laborious elf, the Scottish Brownie, the Portunus of Gervase of Tilbury; who, in the same century, tells us that these spirits, when they found any thing undone in the house they entered at night, fell to work and finished it in an inconceivable short space of time. Godric was frequently a witness of the playful rogueries of the demon, as well when performed upon others as upon himself, and on one occasion the evil one amused himself, and no doubt the saint also, by dancing before him most ludicrously in the form of a distended sack.

Another story which is told of Godric is equally pertinent to our subject. One day in autumn, the saint was gathering his apples. Suddenly there appeared on the other side of his hedge a great rough-looking fellow, whose outer garment, open from his neck to his thighs, resembled green bark, beneath which he seemed to be clad in a rough bullock's hide. "Give me some apples, hermit!" shouted the stranger, and he shouted more than once, for at first Godric paid little attention to him. At last the hermit, turning towards him, said that if he would have any he must ask for them in the name of charity. "I ask for them in the name of charity, then," was the answer, in a gruff and rather embarrassed tone. "Take them," said Godric, "in the name of charity, and give God thanks." But the stranger threw them down, and, turning about, after saluting Godric by certain gestures which were none of the most becoming, marched slowly away, leaving however a testimony of his fiendlike nature in the odor which followed him, at which the poor saint was so horrified that "every hair of his body stood stiff like the bristles of a boar." It may, we think, be true, as it is told by one who conversed with the hermit, but it must be true just as long afterwards that another person took the keeper of a forest for Robin Goodfellow: such boors as Goodric's devil were not confined to the twelfth century. Godric judged of the nature of his visiter by the smell which he left behind him, but to us the color of his coat tells what class of beings the saint was thinking of.

Contemporary with Godric there lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, another pious rustic, whose name was Ketel, and whom we may term the elf-seer. The historian William of Newbury, relates many wonderful anecdotes of him. While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the wagon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be, and whatever they might be doing, and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence—for he did not tell these things to everybody—that there were some hobgoblins (demons) who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but which delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the road-side on the look-out for travellers upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity. A story equally curious, as showing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as of our own, is that of the elf who in the earlier half of the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves, told by our English chronicler John of Brompton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot, and after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view, was a small black elf (puerulum nigrum miranda parvitatis) sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighboring monastery came to examine the scholars, and on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished. Similar stories run through the mythology of all the western people; we will only point out the story of the Haunted Cellar in Crofton Croker's Irish Fairy Legends, with the premisal that we consider the greater part of those legends as being of Saxon and not of Irish origin.

We could easily multiply our examples of fairy stories inserted among the monkish legends, particularly those of a less ludicrous nature. Godric and Ketel having been both rustics, their lives abound more with legends founded upon those of the peasantry than the life of any other saint, and they thus show us more distinctly the connexion between the superstitions of the two classes. We have at the same time a few independent allusions (or nearly independent, inasmuch as though related by monks they are given as popular legends) to these stories in their original form. We will give two examples of such allusions, which are quoted by the Grimms in the introduction to the Irische Elfenmarchen. The first is of the ninth century, and is told by the monk of San Gallen, whose work is printed in the fifth volume of Dom Bouquet. It is a story of the laborious playful goblin (demon qui dicitur larva, cui curæ est ludicris hominum illusionibus vacare,) and the latter part of it may be compared with the foregoing story of the elf who haunted the abbot's cellar.

Our goblin frequented the forge of a smith, where he played all night with the anvil and hammers, to the no small annoyance of their proprietor, who resolved to drive him away by the signing of the cross. But the elf had formed an attachment to the place, and was not willing to go: 'Gossip,' said he to the smith, 'let me play in thy forge, and if thou wilt place here thy pitcher thou shalt find it every day full of wine.' The terms were readily accepted, and every night the elf repaired to the cellar of the bishop, filled his pitcher with wine, and clumsily enough, left the cask open so that all the rest of the wine ran out upon the floor. The bishop soon perceived what was going on in his cellar, and supposing that the mischief must be the work of some spiritual adversary, he sprinkled the cellar with holy water, and fortified it by the sign of the cross. The night following the elf entered as usual with his pitcher, but he could neither touch the wine nor escape from the place, and in the morning they took him and bound him to a stake, where he was condemned to undergo the punishment due to a thief. Amidst his stripes he never ceased to cry, 'Alas! alas! I have lost my gossip's pitcher!' Our other extract is from a very old Penitentiale which is preserved in a manuscript at Vienna; it alludes evidently to the same class of stories, and to a practice which had arisen out of them, and points out the necessary penitence of those who 'had thrown little bows and small shoes into their cellars and barns, in order that the hobgoblins might come thither to play with them, and might in return bring them other people's goods.'

From some cause or other with which we are not well acquainted, our chronicles of the twelfth century are full of fairy legends. The Cambrian Giraldus, Gervase of Tilbury, William of Newbury, and a host of others, give us so much curious information on the popular mythology of their time that we can, without much difficulty, sketch the outlines of the vulgar creed. We are there made acquainted with the mischievous elf in all his different shapes, and Gervase even is doubtful whether, on account of the harmlessness of his jokes, he ought to call him a *demon* or not.

The familiar goblin of Gervase of Tilbury, like the fir-darring of the Irish, and Milton's 'lubber fiend, loved to seat himself before the remains of the fire after the family had retired to their slumbers; he then appeared as a very little man, with an aged countenance, his face all covered with wrinkles. He was very harmless, and his great characteristic was simplicity, in which he resembled the rustics, whose houses he commonly frequented. One of his names, indeed, (*folletus*, Germ. T., the modern French *follet*, which is a diminutive of the old French *fols*, fou,) signifies the little madcap, and may refer both to his simplicity and to his pranks. The follets of Gervase haunted generally the houses of country-people, whence neither holy water nor exorcism could expel them. They were invisible, and made known their arrival by throwing about stones, and wood, and even the pots and kettles. They also talked with great freedom. Giraldus tells us many stories of the domestic and playful elves of his native county of Pembroke, where they were very common, and plagued people by throwing dirt at them, and by cutting and tearing their garments. They took great delight also in telling people's secrets, and they paid no heed to the priests or their conjurations. Sometimes they entered into people, who thus became possessed, and they there continued their tricks and their conversation. An elf of this kind, in human form, entered the house of one Elidore Stakepole, in that county, where he hired himself as a servant, and proved himself extremely faithful and diligent. As in every instance where an elf, whether puck, or brownie, or troll, has formed an attachment to a place, he has brought good luck along with him, so the family of Elidore Stakepole prospered exceedingly—every thing went well with them. But Elidore, like many another in his situation, ruined himself by his curiosity. The elf was accustomed during the night, to resort to the river, which shows his connexion with the whole family of the Teutonic alfen. One night he was watched, and the next day he quitted for ever the house of Elidore Stakepole, after telling the family who he was.

Before leaving the familiar elf of the twelfth century, we will present to our readers an inedited legend from a work of that century, the manuscript chronicle of Ralf of Coggeshale, which is particularly curious, from its singular resemblance to the more modern story of the German Hinzelmann. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osborn de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and 'brother dwelt in a neighboring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaning; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This was the German tarn-kappe. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer from whom this story is quoted, asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it.

Another story has been pointed out to us in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which introduces Robin Goodfellow both in name and action. It occurs amongst a collection of short stories, moralized after the manner of the time, and as a specimen of the whole, we give both the tale and its moral. "Once Robinet was in a certain house in which certain soldiers resting for the night, and, after having made a great clamor during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, "Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep." To which Robinet made reply, "I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout the louder after," And the soldiers said, "It seems, then, that we shall have no sleep to-night." So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards. * * The sinners are the angels about Christ's body. Robin is the devil or the sinner," &c.

This last story, if it be of the thirteenth century, is an almost solitary allusion to the pranks of the familiar elf in England for a long period after the century preceding. During the latter part of the twelfth century, and the whole of the thirteenth, a vast struggle and a vast evolution of feelings and notions were going forward in our island. With the change came in gradully a new and more refined literature; the saints' legends were thrown aside to make way for the romances; and the gross and mischievous elves lost their reputation before that of the more airy and genteel race who were denominated by the newly introduced name of fairies. It is worthy indeed of remark, that the manuscripts of the lives and miracles of the English saints are by far the best and the most numerous during the twelfth and the earlier half of the thirteenth centuries. We must therefore pass over the centuries which follow, and come immediately to the period of the formation of those histories, of which we shall at present consider the adventures of Friar Rush as the representative, the more so as his was a story popular throughout the whole of Teutonic Europe.

It had long been supposed that the original of the history of Friar Rush must have existed in Germany; and at last our excellent friend, Mr. Thoms, (who had previously reprinted in his *Early Prose Romances* the English story) accidentally discovered an early poem on the same hero in the German tongue. He communicated the discovery to his friend Dr. Wolf, who afterwards found several copes of different editions in the German libraries, all of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and from his researches has been produced the curious and elegant volume which we have now before us. This German poem is the earliest version of the story of which we have any knowledge; and, as might perhaps be expected, is the simplest in its details. Its hero is introduced to us as a *bona fide* devil; but there are too many traits in his actions and character to allow us to be mistaken in identifying him with the elves of whom we have been speaking. There was once, as the legend tells us, a fair abbey—

> "In distant land beside a wood,
> Well known to fame an abbey stood;
> A numerous brotherhood within;
> But ill did abbey discipline
> Sort with the joyous warmth of youth,
> And oftener dwelt their thoughts in sooth,
> On gentle damsel's charms and beauty,
> Than on their gospels or their duty."

The German legend places the abbey in Denmark—

> "In Denmarck bey Helsinbore gesant,
> Do ym das kloster was wol bekannt."

The Danish poem, on the contrary, fixes it in Germany, in "Saxon-land;" and the English leaving the question entirely unresolved, tells us simply that it was "beyond the sea." Be this as it may, our worthy friend, Friar Rush, saw that there was a noble occasion of doing mischief, and he repaired to the abbey in the garb of a youth who sought employment. He was well received by the abbot, and appointed to serve in the kitchen. But he soon made it manifest that he was fitted for higher and more confidential service. Before night he performed the part of a skillful envoy, and procured for the father abbot the company of the dame whom he had long desired. The fame of Rush was soon spread amongst the community, and every brother of the abbey was fitted with a bedfellow after his liking. Time passed on, and Rush made continual advances in favor, when a sudden quarrel arose between him and the "Master Cook," who seconded his orders by rude strokes of a staff which lay ready at hand. Rush was enraged, seized the cook, and threw him into a pot which was boiling on the fire, where he was scalded to death. The abbot and the friars, hearing that an accident had happened to their cook, unanimously chose Rush into his place, who in his new office gained daily an increase of their good graces by the excellent dishes which he prepared for them, particularly on fast-days. For seven years did Rush serve in the abbey kitchen, and in the eighth, he was called before the abbot, and was made a friar in reward for his services.

GLEN VICLET.

Thou art beautiful! oh thou sunny spot,
And I love thee passing well!
For thy flowers are fair, and thy rocky haunts
Have many a tale to tell;
And thy summer winds go laden by
With the breath of the rose and vine,
Full many a sweetly scented flower
Of the wild-wood hue is thine.

I love at the twilight's witching hour
To sail o'er thy waters blue,
When the silvery rays of the silent moon
Have lit on the sombre yew;
And I love to watch for the speckled tribe,
When the night-bird is on the bough,
And to think there is not in the world beside
So fairy a spot as thou.

Thou art beautiful! when the star beams sleep
On thy high hill's crested brow,
And the song of the night bird is stealing forth
From the fern-tree's scented bough;
And I love to list to the gentle wind
As mournfully low it grieves,
When the primrose is out with its golden cup
And the star-flower shuts its leaves.

Thou art beautiful! sleeping so gently now
With thy clear blue sky above,
And thy music of winds and of gentle wood,
Blended deep with the tones of love;
When the breezes are out with their tones of mirth
And the night-bird is on the bough,
There is not in the sorrowing world beside
So fairy a spot as thou.

Lycoming Gazette. MARY EMILY JACKSON.

FRENCH CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS AT FAULT.—The Gazette des Tribuneaux gives an account of a ludicrous mistake which was lately made by the custom house officers at Boulogne. An English gentleman had been travelling in France for the recovery of his health, but finding himself getting worse, he sent for a skilful English doctor in spite of whose efforts, however, the patient died. The parents of the deceased wishing to have the remains sent to England, wrote to Dr. H. to take the necessary steps. The doctor accordingly had the body put into a leaden coffin, filled with the spirits of wine, and undertook to go in the packet to see it safe himself. He went to the custom house, declared the contents of the packet, and returned home, intending to accompany the body next day. The custom house officers, while carrying the coffin to another room, heard the sound of the liquid, and one of them, who thought himself a cunning old fox, prided himself upon the idea of having discovered an extensive fraud upon the revenue, hemmed several times, and then, with a knowing look, in good English, ejaculated "French brandy!" This had a magical effect. The chief officer made a hole in the coffin, the liquid ran out, and he filled a large glass, which he immediately swallowed, and smacking his lips, said it was excessively good. The glass was filled again and again, and circulated joyously. The officers thought the idea of making brandy pass for a dead body was a very original and humorous one, laughed, and drew up a process verbal of the circumstance. The next morning the doctor came to see about his packet. He was told it had been seized, and that they had even tasted the contents of the coffin, and that the spirit was the very best quality. The doctor's hair stood on end—"Surely you have not drank any of it?" said he. "Yes, but we have though," resounded on every side, " and excellent stuff it is. You will pay dearly for your smuggling attempt." "I assure you," said the doctor," that coffin only contains the remains of an English gentleman who died here." A laugh succeeded this explanation, but the doctor opened the coffin, at sight of the corpse swimming in the spirits of wine the officers drew back with dismay and horror, swearing that they would be more careful in their researches in future.

AN EQUIVOCAL DEFENCE.—An unlucky bard, whose tragedy and comedy had both been rejected by the managers, remarked that he was at a loss to account for it—"For no one can say," he observed, "that my tragedy was a sad performance, or that my comedy was any thing to laugh at."

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.*

We are not sure that Mr. Bulwer has added any thing to his towering reputation by this incursion into the territory of the Drama. True, the play is a good one, exhibiting strong points, embodying much profound and just thought—but it is only a good play; not an extraordinary one, nor an invaluable addition to English literature. We cannot even bestow upon it that very equivocal commendation that it is better fitted for the closet than the stage, though it is well fitted for either. As a work for the closet, it is marred by the profusion of what may be termed stage directions. The Court scenes are graphic and faithful, but we relish the attempts at humor less decidedly than any thing else in the play. We extract the two first scenes—the least dramatic of any, but among the most poetic. They have one recommendation for an extract: they need no elucidation.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Time—sunset. On the foreground an old Chateau: beyond, Vineyards and Woods, which present, through their openings, Views of a River, reflecting the sunset. At a distance, the turrets of the Convent of the Carmelites.*

MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

Mademoiselle. 'Tis our last eve, my mother!
Madame. Thou regret'st it,
My own Louise! albeit the court invites thee—
A court beside whose glories, dull and dim
The pomp of Eastern kings, by poets told;
A court——
Mademoiselle. In which I shall not see my mother!
Nor these old walls, in which, from every stone,
Childhood speaks eloquent of happy years;
Nor vines and woods, which bade me love the earth,
Nor yonder spires which raised that love to God!—
(The vesper bell tolls.)
The vesper bell!—my mother, when, once more,
I hear from those grey towers that holy chime,
May the child's heart be still as full of Heaven,
And callous to all thoughts of earth, save those
Which mirror Eden in the face of home!
Madame. Do I not know thy soul?—through every snare
My gentle dove shall 'scape with spotless plumes.
Alone in courts, I have no fear for *thee*;—
Some natures take from Innocence the lore
Experience teaches; and their delicate leaves,
Like the soft plant, shut out all wrong, and shrink
From vice by instinct, as the wise by knowledge:
And such is thine! *My* voice thou wilt not hear,
But Thought shall whisper where my voice would warn,
And Conscience be thy mother and thy guide!
Mademoiselle. Oh may I merit all thy care, and most
Thy present trust!—Thou 'lt write to me, my mother,
And tell me of thyself: amidst the court
My childhood's images shall rise. Be kind
To the poor cotters in the wood;—alas,
They 'll miss me in the winter!—and my birds?
Thy hand will feed them?——
Madame. And that noble heart
That loves thee as my daughter should be loved—
The gallant Bragelone?—should I hear
Some tidings Fame forgets—if in the din
Of camps I learn thy image makes his solace,
Shall I not write of *him*?—
Mademoiselle. (with indifference) His name will breathe
Of home and friendship;—yes!—
Madame. Of nought beside?
M'lle. Nay, why so pressing?—let me change the theme.
The King!—you have seen him;—is he, as they say,
So fair—so stately?
Madame. Ay, in truth, my daughter,
A king that wins the awe he might command.
Splendid in peace and terrible in war;
Wise in the council—gentle in the bower.
M'lle. Strange that so often through my early dreams
A royal vision flitted;—a proud form,
Upon whose brow nature had written 'empire;'
While, on the lip,—love, smiling, wrapt in sunshine
The charmed world that was its worshipper—
A form like that which clothed the gods of old,
Lured from Olympus by some mortal maid,—
Youthful it seemed—but with ambrosial youth;
And beautiful—but half as beauty were
A garb too earthly for a thing divine:—
Was it not strange, my mother?
Madame. A child's fancy,
Breathed into life by thy brave father's soul.
He taught thee, in thy cradle yet, to lisp,
Thy sovereign's name in prayer—and still together,
In thy first infant creed, were linked the lessons
'To HONOR GOD, AND LOVE THE KING;' it was
A part of that old knightly faith of France,
Which made it half religion to be loyal.
M'lle. It might be so. I have preserved the lesson,
Ev'n with too weak a reverence.—Yet, 'tis strange!
A dream so oft renewed!—
Madame. Here comes thy lover!
Thou wilt not blame him if his lips repeat
The question mine have asked? Alphonso, welcome!

SCENE II.

BRAGELONE, MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

Bragelone. My own Louise!—ah! dare I call thee so?
War never seemed so welcome! since we part,
Since the soft sunshine of thy smiles must fade
From these dear scenes, it soothes, at least to think
I shall not linger on the haunted spot,
And feel, forlorn amidst the gloom of absence,
How dark is all once lighted by thine eyes.
[Madame de la Valliere retires into the Chateau
M'lle. Can Friendship flatter thus?—or wouldst thou train
My ear betimes to learn the courtier's speech?
Bragelone. Louise! Louise! this is our parting hour:
Me war demands—and thee the Court allures.
In such an hour, the old romance allowed
The maid to soften from her coy reserve,
And her true knight, from some kind words, to take
Hope's talisman to battle?—Dear Louise!
Say, canst thou love me?—
M'lle. Sir!—I!—love!—methinks
It is a word that—
Bragelone. Sounds soon thy lips
Like 'land' upon the mariner's, and speaks
Of home and rest after a stormy sea.
Sweet girl, my youth was passed in camps; and war
Hath somewhat scathed my manhood ere my time.
Our years are scarce well-mated: the soft spring
Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon
Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st 'I flatter!'—well
Love taught me first the golden words in which
The honest heart still coins its massive ore.
But fairer words, from falser lips, will soon
Make *my* plain courtship rude.—Louise! thy sire
Betrothed us in our childhood. I have watched thee
Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth
Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think of *thee*
And I am youthful still. The passionate prayer—
The wild idolatry—the purple light
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;—
Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee!
And yet so well I love, that if thy heart
Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,
A shade more timid than the fear which ever
Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope
Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,
Speak, and my suit is tongueless!—
M'lle. O, my lord!
If to believe all France's chivalry
Boasts not a nobler champion,—if to feel
Proud in your friendship, honored in your trust,—
If this be love, and I have known no other,
Why then—
Bragelone. Why then, thou lov'st me!
M'lle, (aside.) Shall I say it?
I feel 't were to deceive him! Is it love?
Love!—no, it is not love!—*(Aloud.)* My noble lord,
As yet I know not all mine own weak heart;
I would not pain thee, yet would not betray.
Legend and song have often painted love,
And my heart whispers not the love which should be
The answer to thine own:—thou hadst best forget me!
Bragelone. Forget!
M'lle. I am not worthy of thee?
Bragelone. Hold!
My soul is less heroic than I deemed it.
Perchance my passion asks too much from thine,
And would forestal the fruit ere yet the blossom
Blushes from out the coy and maiden leaves.
No! let *me* love; and say, perchance the time
May come when *thou* wilt bid me *not* forget thee.
Absence may plead my cause; it hath some magic;
I fear not contrast with the courtier-herd;
And thou art not Louise if thou art won
By a smooth outside and a honeyed tongue.
No! when thou seest these hunters after power,
These shadows, minioned to the royal sun,—
Proud to the humble, servile to the great,—
Perchance thou 'lt learn how much one honest heart,
That never wronged a friend or shunn'd a foe,—
How much the old hereditary knighthood,
Faithful to God, to glory, and to love,
Outweighs an universe of cringing courtiers!
Louise, I ask no more!—I hide my time!
(Re-enter Madame de la Valliere from the Chateau.)
Madame. The twilight darkens. Art thou now, Alphonso,
Convinced her heart is such as thou wouldst have it?
Bragelone. It is a heavenly tablet—but my name
Good angels have not writ there!
Madame. Nay, as yet,
Love wears the mask of Friendship: she must love thee.
Bragelone (half incredulously.) Think'st thou so?
Madame. Ay, be sure!
Bragelone. I'll think so too.
(Turns to Mademoiselle de la Valliere.)
Bright lady of my heart!—*(Aside.)* By Heaven! 'tis true!
The rose grows richer on her cheek, like hues
That, in the silence of the virgin dawn,
Predict, in blushes, light that glads the earth.
Her mother spoke aright;—ah, yes, she loves me!
Bright lady of my heart, farewell! and yet
Again farewell!
M'lle. Honor and health be with you!
Madame. Nay, my Louise, when warriors wend to battle,
The maid they serve grows half a warrior too;
And does not blush to bind on mailed bosoms
The banner of her colors.
Bragelone. Dare I ask it?
M'lle. A soldier's child could never blush, my lord,
To belt so brave a breast;—and yet,—well, wear it.
(Placing her scarf round Bragelone's hauberk.)
Bragelone. Ah! add, for thy sake.
M'lle. For the sake of one
Who honors worth, and ne'er since Bayard fell,
Have banners flaunted o'er a knight more true
To France and Fame;—
Bragelone. And Love!
M'lle. Nay, hush, my Lord;
I said not that.
Bragelone. But France and Fame shall say it!
Yes, if thou hear'st men speak of Bragelone,
If proudest chiefs confess he bore him bravely,
Come life, come death, his glory shall be thine,
And all the light it borrowed from thine eyes,
Shall gild thy name. Ah! scorn not *then* to say,
'He loved me well! How well!' God shield and bless thee!
Exit Bragelone.
M'lle. (aside.) Most worthy love! *why* can I love him not?
Madame. Peace to his gallant heart! when next we meet,
May I have gained a son—and thou——
M'lle. (quickly.) My mother,
This night let every thought be given to *thee!*
Beautiful scene, farewell!—farewell my home!
And thou, grey convent, whose inspiring chime
Measures the hours with prayer, that morn and eve
Life may ascend the ladder of the angels,
And climb to Heaven! serene retreats, farewell!
And now, my mother!—no! some hours must yet
Pass ere our parting.
Madame. Cheer thee, my Louise!
And let us now within; the dews are falling—
M'lle. And I forgot how ill your frame may bear them.
Pardon!—within, within!—
(Stopping short and gazing fondly on Mad. de la Valliere.)
Your hand, dear mother! *[Exeunt.]*

* A Play, in Five Acts, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. author of 'Rienzi,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' &c.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Letters from Mr. Brooks.—No. CIV.

LONDON, April 12, 1836.

An English steamboat, a rascally, villainous, dirty and stupid thing—John Bull is a century behind us in this respect—took us over from Antwerp to London, for which we paid in all, fare, dinner, breakfast, and servants, about twelve dollars—distance less than two hundred miles.—For that sum, one could sail down the Ohio and the Mississippi, some twelve or fifteen hundred miles. Our way, of course, was down the Scheldt, or Escaut, as it is called in French,—by Dutch forts, and Belgic forts, for the country seems to be parcelled out, with a bit of land here for his Majesty of the Hague, and a bit of land there for his Majesty of Brussels:—so that the traveller in the windings of the river, can hardly say under which dominion he is. The Dutch, however, have the mouth, and keep a frigate there as well as a fort: and as he who holds the mouth of any thing, holds the most important part, it would be about as wise to give the whole, Antwerp and all, to the King of Holland, particularly as the Dutch is the language of the people here and all about. Brussels and that region, if I were a carver of kingdoms, I should hand over to the French. These nations with two tongues, are but a bother. Antwerp has lost much of her valuable trade with the Dutch colonies on account of her revolution, though she has not lost it all, indirectly at least, as Dutchmen under another flag are yet numerous in her port. I counted no less than a dozen American vessels in the river and the docks of Antwerp. In every commercial port I go to, my eye is delighted with the sight of our flag borne there by our industrious merchantmen, whose enterprise is as great upon the ocean as that of their countrymen upon the land. One of our ships was loading with *grain*, which, it seemed to me, was like carrying coals to Newcastle, or onions to Weathersfield, if that is better understood.

The Scheldt is not what it was in 'days of yore,' when it was almost as thickly crowded with ships as the Thames is now. Holland plucked from it the jewel of its trade, and Amsterdam and Rotterdam came up upon its ruins. But the seat of commerce like the seat of empire is ever changing, and some day or other in the order of time, even the Thames will be as the Scheldt is at present, or the more deserted and melancholy Tiber. Empire, glory, power, wealth, the continent has been pouring over to England, and England is pouring them over to us. England is the link and the bond of the old world and the new, and in passing over the narrow channel, the difference is as great as in passing three thousand miles over sea. I could not but remark and feel astonished at this surprising difference the moment I put my foot upon this English steamer. Here was the same language once more, the long lost, but welcome notes of my own tongue, which sounded so sweetly in my ear. Almost every thing reminded me of home, and I really felt as if I were touching a link that was connected with my own land. The huge piece of roast beef appeared again on the dinner table. And then came the plum pudding, an old acquaintance that I had not seen for months. The English and Americans upon the continent often go by the name of Monsieur *Roast Beef;*—and one of the first dishes a French or an Italian servant in a Restaurant proposes to John Bull or his Brother Jonathan, doubling over a French or an Italian bill of fare, is a beef steak, or a *Bifteck*. Monsieur G—d d—n is also another name for the English-speaking race—this being their common oath. This oath is so well known all over the continent, that the mere uttering of it has a magical effect very often, particularly in the Italian towns.

Thus not only the same language met my ears, but the same habits, the same manners, the same customs, the very same table. Instead of laughing and talking happily as the Frenchmen do, we talk in those low whispers,

which, it is true, rather distinguish English society than ours, but which is becoming also, unfortunately, in our English imitation, the characteristic of ours. The same suppression of all feeling, pretended indifference as to others, and yet unexceptionable though cold politeness that begin to mark a company of gentlemen strangers in many parts of the United States, here marked our circle. For the world, we would hardly venture to speak to our right hand man, though the right hand man might be very happy to have a civil word from us. 'It is cold to-day, sir,' says one—'Yes, sir,' says another, and '*very*,' he may add, as a mark of condescension.—but his condescension is such as to show you that you have ventured to take a liberty in speaking to him. This is English, however, rather than American, but it is beginning to be American, though the quicker the *beginning* is nipped in the bud, the better. How, in such a case, the Frenchmen would laugh and chatter! What an uproar a dozen of them would make! He thus contrives to live more in one hour than the Englishman lives in twenty-four.

Little things often indicate more of a change, an idea of which a writer is attempting to convey, than others more important—and, therefore, I must call your attention to these little changes again. Our good French cup of coffee was gone, and a cup of tea appeared in its stead. He only who has drunk the coffee as it is prepared in France, knows what a sad change this is. The little delicious rolls of French bread disappeared, and the massive loaf of John Bull took its place. A beef-steak, that unaccustomed visiter upon a French table, now came piping hot upon ours. John Bull has the advantage here. Wine at dinner, as an ordinary drink, gave way to Porter, Ale and Beer. Ox-tail soup, or soups with more imposing names, banished the *Potage a la Julienne, au lait d'amandes*, or the like. The prodigious pile of roast beef and grease towered loftily in the centre of the table, instead of the myriads of little dishes which the Frenchman cooks up from every thing, even down to the feet of pigs, with an economy as wonderful as it is ingenious, never losing any part of an eatable thing. The *hors d'œuvres*, and the *entremets*—eggs puffed up sky-high, and mutton chops in paper curls (*cotellettes en papilotte.*) fled at once. Out of the mass cumbering our table, the Frenchman would, with his sauces, have made a hundred, (and it may be two) excellent dishes, working the beef into at least twenty forms, and the mutton into as many more. Say what we may, the Frenchman has the advantage over us, from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I went upon the continent with as violent a prejudice as ever man had against such French things,—but I come back with an opinion all changed. The reason that we Americans are ever dying of dyspepsia, and the English of gout, is that we eat three times as much as the French, and are ever overloading our stomachs—while their manner of cooking, and serving up what is cooked, renders this exceedingly difficult. There is a *philosophy* in the kitchen with them,—and after one's prejudices are disposed of, he sees and enjoys it too, and at last discovers that there is a way of living better than he has lived, and for half the money.

CV. LONDON, April 13, 1826.

From any thing contained in my last letter, you must not conclude that I am French mad, though I be French bitten a little, as almost every stranger is likely to be in a city made so delightful to the stranger as Paris is, and where he can have whatever he asks for, whether it be of science on the left banks of the Seine, or of pleasure upon the right. But French bitten though the American or the Englishman be, he is readily cured as he passes over the channel, and comes up the Thames. The spectacle exhibited upon this river is one of the greatest eye ever witnessed, or fancy ever dreamed of;—and if I were an Englishman, I should feel prouder of it than ever a Roman could feel of his imperial Rome. Indeed, it is ever one of my proudest thoughts, that my own native tongue is the language spoken here, and that we are children of this noble race. Talk of the Tiber—talk of Rome!—why, the Thames has a hundred ships for every one that was upon the Tiber; and London is more and mightier than the imperial Rome. Paris is the capital of art, of science, of pleasure, and of opinion, it may be. The taste that rules in Paris, rules all the world. The universality of the language of the French is a weapon in the Frenchman's hands, by which he sways all Europe more or less. But, nevertheless, London is the capital of the world. Paris is but a child by its side. Even our own New-York is but an infant of two days old. At the magnitude and the might of this London I am more astonished, even now that I have had an opportunity to compare it with other places of the world. The ends and the suburbs of Paris an easy walk would bring to me, but the ends and suburbs of this London, in a walk I can never find. London indeed begins at the mouth of the Thames, and the *end* of London in more than one sense, reaches even among the highlands of Scotland—for the whole of England and the whole of Scotland are but one great pasture to feed and clothe the mighty mass of human beings concentred here.

I love England as the only land of liberty on this side of the sea. France, boast as she may, is not free—and, alas! I fear the prize of rational liberty is too great a boon for her to enjoy. Her society is free, her people substantially acknowledge no distinction of ranks in the social circle—while on the contrary in England, the most slavish and factitious state of society exists that human ingenuity, it seems to me, can create:—but nevertheless, France, politically speaking, is not free, and England is. The armed soldiery of London are but few and far between. In Paris they guard and garrison every thing—and the drum in the morning is the first thing in your ears, and the last at night. England, however, enjoys this exemption from her insular position, and that floating bulwark of her empire which she has upon the sea,—while France must keep up myriads of soldiers to overcome the despots that grudge her even the freedom she has. The Police of London though numerous and strong, is without a weapon in its hands—while in Paris, the Police on horseback and on foot are strong in arms The Police of London seem to be among its best bred men, polite, courteous, and popular even—while the Police of Paris can merit no applause like this, and it certainly is as odious as universal unpopularity can cause it to be. Again, the whole passport system, all *espionage*, are at once brushed away. One can go *where* and *when* he pleases, and no passport keepers ask—why do you so? But the chief pleasure I have, is in reading the English press. I love the liberty of *grumbling*, which the English people so much enjoy. Accustomed, as I have been for six or eight months past, to read in Germany or in Italy the little sickly chronicles of Kings and Courts, the partially suppressed and metamorphosed news of public events,—and in France, to observe the caution if not fear with which public affairs are spoken of, there is a great pleasure reminding me of my own land, in reading the full, free, and vigorous words with which an English editor speaks of public measures and public men. The King even, who, in the form of law, it is said, 'can do no wrong'—the sacred person of his Majesty himself, is no longer sacred here. The King is admonished as well as his subjects. He is told to 'beware,' as well as his Ministry. No title, no rank is a refuge from the salutary criticism of the press. The titled scoundrel receives its castigation, as well as the scoundrel to whom no title adds no rank.

The English Press is free. The Courts of Law are just, and free. The liberty of the subject is perfectly secure. Every Englishman feels himself as free and as great in any tribunal as the Prime Minister of the Empire.—And then the People love the law which they feel that they have made, and they obey it with pleasure. So that London vast as it *is*, seems to be governed with as much ease as the best ordered village in the interior of New-England A soldier I have never seen necessary to enforce public order. An unarmed Police-man but stands in the crowded thoroughfare of Cheapside or the Strand, and a single motion of his finger is obeyed as readily as if a hundred bayonets stood ready to back its command. No where on the Continent are such gratifying spectacles as these exhibited. Even that bewitching France, which, with all their faults, make a stranger love their people and their land, there are no such rational liberty and law as this. Indeed I cannot convey to you a better idea of my own impressions of the difference between England and the Continent than to ask you to remember the severity with which I first spoke of and looked upon England, her aristocracy, her manners, and the like, when fresh from America I contrasted them with the happier forms in my own land, and to contrast what was then said with what justice and a wider observation in Europe compel me to say now. Italy is the Paradise of Europe ruined long ago by misgovernment and man. France, as the world defines civilization, is the most civilized of all the nations of the earth. France is delightful, bewitching even—the home of a happy race of happy men. No man can live in her capital and not feel that there is a charm there which no other capital in Europe has. But England, if not to be loved, is to be admired. There is something the traveller sees in the English blood which makes old England the wonder of the world. Her wealth, her magnificence, her power, astonish and delight him. An island upon which nature and climate seem to have frowned, man has made a garden of, and even the rocks teem with production.—Rivers that are but rills in our estimation float the commerce of the world. In this smoky, clouded, gloomy London, where even at times (witness Sunday last) a candle is needed at noon-day, and the clergyman cannot see to read his discourse,—here in this mantle of smoke is the mistress of the Hindostan, the empress of the East, of the Canadas, of the many isles of the ocean, and then the great regulator of the Politics and the Commerce of the world! A wonderful people, a wonderful land! I glory in the joyous reflection, for I see in it but the shadowings forth of what the same race in a more prosperous climate aided by a more bountiful nature, and favored I believe by a yet happier and yet freer government, are yet to do. Liberty and Law have made England what it is. The like, but yet stronger impulse of Liberty is arousing every faculty of the American people, and stimulating them to a degree of energy that astonishes even this astonishing people here, who are accustomed to think of nothing as impossible: and now if Law, the necessary companion of Liberty, the only arm safe to check her generous aspirations for the benefit of the human race,—if Law and Liberty march together with them, as in England here, I am sure that the time is rapidly coming, when the traveller will feel as much of that admiration for the American name, as he crosses the sea, as I have felt for the English in coming over the channel, and in marking their astonishing practical superiority over all other nations of Europe. B.

From the Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club.

THE IVY GREEN!

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim!
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

NOTES ON SWEDEN.—The people of Sweden are probably far more virtuous than any other in Europe. The entire number of illegitimate children is only about 6,000, while that of the legitimate is 89,000. In Stockholm, however, the state of morals, in this respect, is like that of all great cities of Europe. Still it is vastly better than that of Paris, or almost any other place of 80,000 souls, which is its present population.

The population of Sweden is 3,025,000; of Norway, 1,205,000—making a total of 4,230,000. Though this country is not rich, yet the receipts of the treasury are about fifty millions of dollars hance—that is about $20,-000,000. Its expenditures are about the same. It has no debt worthy of being mentioned, nor indeed, any that can be, strictly speaking, called a debt.

Norway, which was attached to Sweden by the treaty of Kiel, in 1814, is governed by its own legislature, which has but one house or chamber, and whose members are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. They are chosen by the people, and suffrage is of very general extent. This legislature or diet, as it is called, meets once in three years. It is now in session in Christiana. The king has a veto power on the laws passed by the diet of that country. But if any act be voted by three successive diets, it becomes a law, even if the King should have vetoed it. A majority of votes is only required; but the process, as you will have perceived, demands nine years. Norway is almost independent, in reality, of Sweden.—The people have now tasted the sweetness of power, and are for gaining more. The diet of that country has given not a little trouble to Sweden within the last two or three years. There is a viceroy in Norway, appointed by the King.

The legislative government of Sweden is an anomaly, and perhaps is not well known to your readers. I will endeavor to give them some idea of it. The legislative power is vested in four bodies, representing the four great estates or classes of people. 1st. The Nobles—they are numerous and poor. There are more than fifteen hundred Nobles, who have a right to sit in the House of Nobles; but seldom more than two or three hundred attend. 2d. The Clergy—they are about seventy in number, including the twelve bishops and one arch-bishop They meet in a house or hall of their own, as do the Nobles and other two bodies. 3d. The Burgesses—who represent large towns and cities. They are some fifty or sixty.—4th. The Peasants—or body of legislators who are chosen by the peasants and represent them. The number of this branch is various, but generally fifty or about that number. All the legislators, except the Nobles, receive compensation for their services; and as each district has to pay the salary of its own representative, it often happens that, for the sake of economy, they combine to the number of two or three, or even six or eight, to support one member of the Legislature.

On all questions relating to the constitution of the country, unanimity,—that is, the vote of each of the four branches is required. But in minor matters, touching the finances of the country, and other things of that kind, the favorable vote of three of the chambers, or branches of the legislature, is sufficient.

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.*

We are not sure that Mr. Bulwer has added any thing to his towering reputation by this incursion into the territory of the Drama. True, the play is a good one, exhibiting strong points, embodying much profound and just thought—but it is only a good play; not an extraordinary one, nor an invaluable addition to English literature. We cannot even bestow upon it that very equivocal commendation that it is better fitted for the closet than the stage, though it is well fitted for either. As a work for the closet, it is marred by the profusion of what may be termed stage directions. The Court scenes are graphic and faithful, but we relish the attempts at humor less decidedly than any thing else in the play. We extract the two first scenes—the least dramatic of any, but among the most poetic. They have one recommendation for an extract: they need no elucidation.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Time*—*sunset. On the foreground an old Chateau: beyond, Vineyards and Woods, which present, through their openings, Views of a River, reflecting the sunset. At a distance, the turrets of the Convent of the Carmelites.*

MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

Mademoiselle. 'Tis our last eve, my mother!
Madame. Thou regret'st it,
My own Louise! albeit the court invites thee—
A court beside whose glories, dull and dim
The pomp of Eastern kings, by poets told;
A court——
Mademoiselle. In which I shall not see my mother!
Nor these old walls, in which, from every stone,
Childhood speaks eloquent of happy years;
Nor vines and woods, which bade me love the earth,
Nor yonder spires which raised that love to God!—
(The vesper bell tolls.)
The vesper bell!—my mother, when, once more,
I hear from those grey towers that holy chime,
May the child's heart be still as full of Heaven,
And callous to all thoughts of earth, save those
Which mirror Eden in the face of home!
Madame. Do I not know thy soul?—through every snare
My gentle dove shall 'scape with spotless plumes.
Alone in courts, I have no fear for *thee*;—
Some natures take from innocence the lore
Experience teaches; and their delicate leaves,
Like the soft plant, shut out all wrong, and shrink
From vice by instinct, as the wise by knowledge:
And such is thine! *My* voice thou wilt not hear,
But Thought shall whisper where my voice would warn,
And Conscience be thy mother and thy guide!
Mademoiselle. Oh may I merit all thy care, and most
Thy present trust!—Thou 'lt write to me, my mother,
And tell me of thyself: amidst the court
My childhood's images shall rise. Be kind
To the poor cotters in the wood;—alas,
They 'll miss me in the winter!—and my birds?
Thy hand will feed them?——
Madame. And that noble heart
That loves thee as my daughter should be loved—
The gallant Bragelone?—should I hear
Some tidings Fame forgets—if in the din
Of camps I learn thy image makes his solace,
Shall I not write of *him*?—
Mademoiselle. (with indifference) His name will breathe
Of home and friendship;—yes!—
Madame. Of nought beside?
M'lle. Nay, why so pressing?—let me change the theme.
The King!—you have seen him;—is he, as they say,
So fair—so stately?
Madame. Ay, in truth, my daughter,
A king that wins the awe he might command.
Splendid in peace and terrible in war;
Wise in the council—gentle in the bower.
M'lle. Strange that so often through my early dreams
A royal vision flitted;—a proud form,
Upon whose brow nature had written 'empire;'
While, on the lip,—love, smiling, wrapt in sunshine
The charmed world that was its worshipper—
A form like that which clothed the gods of old,
Lured from Olympus by some mortal maid,—
Youthful it seemed—but with ambrosial youth;
And beautiful—but half as beauty were
A garb too earthly for a thing divine:—
Was it not strange, my mother?
Madame. A child's fancy,
Breathed into life by thy brave father's soul.
He taught thee, in thy cradle yet, to lisp,
Thy sovereign's name in prayer—and still together,
In thy first infant creed, were linked the lessons
'TO HONOR GOD, AND LOVE THE KING;' it was
A part of that old knightly faith of France,
Which made it half religion to be loyal.
M'lle. It might be so. I have preserved the lesson,
Ev'n with too weak a reverence.—Yet, 'tis strange!
A dream so oft renewed!—
Madame. Here comes thy lover!
Thou wilt not blame him if his lips repeat
The question mine have asked? Alphonso, welcome!

SCENE II.

BRAGELONE, MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

Bragelone. My own Louise!—ah! dare I call thee so?
War never seemed so welcome! since we part,
Since the soft sunshine of thy smiles must fade
From these dear scenes, it soothes, at least to think
I shall not linger on the haunted spot,
And feel, forlorn amidst the gloom of absence,
How dark is all once lighted by thine eyes.
[Madame de la Valliere retires into the Chateau
M'lle. Can Friendship flatter thus?—or wouldst thou train
My ear betimes to learn the courtier's speech?
Bragelone. Louise! Louise! this is our parting hour:
Me war demands—and thee the Court allures.
In such an hour, the old romance allowed
The maid to soften from her coy reserve,
And her true knight, from some kind words, to take
Hope's talisman to battle?—Dear Louise!
Say, canst thou love me?—
M'lle. Sir!—I!—love!—methinks
It is a word that—
Bragelone. Sounds soon thy lips
Like 'land' upon the mariner's, and speaks
Of home and rest after a stormy sea.
Sweet girl, my youth was passed in camps; and war
Hath somewhat scathed my manhood ere my time.
Our years are scarce well-mated: the soft spring
Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon
Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st 'I flatter!'—well
Love taught me first the golden words in which
The honest heart still coins its massive ore.
But fairer words, from falser lips, will soon
Make *my* plain courtship rude.—Louise! thy sire
Betrothed us in our childhood. I have watched thee
Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth
Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think of *thee*
And I am youthful still. The passionate prayer—
The wild idolatry—the purple light
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;—
Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee!
And yet so well I love, that if thy heart
Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,
A shade more timid than the fear which ever
Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope
Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,
Speak, and my suit is tongueless!—
M'lle. O, my lord!
If to believe all France's chivalry
Boasts not a nobler champion,—if to feel
Proud in your friendship, honored in your trust,—
If this be love, and I have known no other,
Why then—
Bragelone. Why then, thou lov'st me!
M'lle, (aside.) Shall I say it?
I feel 'twere to deceive him! Is it love?
Love!—no, it is not love!—*(Aloud.)* My noble lord,
As yet I know not all mine own weak heart;
I would not pain thee, yet would not betray.
Legend and song have often painted love,
And my heart whispers not the love which should be
The answer to thine own:—thou hadst best forget me!
Bragelone. Forget!
M'lle. I am not worthy of thee?
Bragelone. Hold!
My soul is less heroic than I deemed it.
Perchance my passion asks too much from thine,
And would forestal the fruit ere yet the blossom
Blushes from out the coy and maiden leaves.
No! let *me* love; and say, perchance the time
May come when *thou* wilt bid me *not* forget thee.
Absence may plead my cause; it hath some magic;
I fear not contrast with the courtier-herd;
And thou art not Louise if thou art won
By a smooth outside and a honeyed tongue.
No! when thou seest these hunters after power,
These shadows, minioned to the royal sun,—
Proud to the humble, servile to the great,—
Perchance thou 'lt learn how much one honest heart,
That never wronged a friend or shunn'd a foe,—
How much the old hereditary knighthood,
Faithful to God, to glory, and to love,
Outweighs an universe of cringing courtiers!
Louise, I ask no more!—I bide my time!
(Re-enter Madame de la Valliere from the Chateau.)
Madame. The twilight darkens. Art thou now, Alphonso,
Convinced her heart is such as thou wouldst have it?
Bragelone. It is a heavenly tablet—but my name
Good angels have not writ there!
Madame. Nay, as yet,
Love wears the mask of Friendship: she must love thee.
Bragelone (half incredulously.) Think'st thou so?
Madame. Ay, be sure!
Bragelone. I'll think so too.
(Turns to Mademoiselle de la Valliere.)
Bright lady of my heart!—*(Aside.)* By Heaven! 'tis true!
The rose grows richer on her cheek, like hues
That, in the silence of the virgin dawn,
Predict, in blushes, light that glads the earth.
Her mother spoke aright;—ah, yes, she loves me!
Bright lady of my heart, farewell! and yet
Again farewell!
M'lle. Honor and health be with you!
Madame. Nay, my Louise, when warriors wend to battle,
The maid they serve grows half a warrior too;
And does not blush to bind on mailed bosoms
The banner of her colors.
Bragelone. Dare I ask it?
M'lle. A soldier's child could never blush, my lord,
To belt so brave a breast;—and yet,—well, wear it.
(Placing her scarf round Bragelone's hauberk.)
Bragelone. Ah! add, for thy sake.
M'lle. For the sake of one
Who honors worth, and ne'er since Bayard fell,
Have banners flaunted o'er a knight more true
To France and Fame;—
Bragelone. And Love?
M'lle. Nay, hush, my Lord;
I said not that.
Bragelone. But France and Fame shall say it!
Yes, if thou hear'st men speak of Bragelone,
If proudest chiefs confess he bore him bravely,
Come life, come death, his glory shall be thine,
And all the light it borrowed from thine eyes,
Shall gild thy name. Ah! scorn not *then* to say,
'He loved me well! How well!' God shield and bless thee!
Exit Bragelone.
M'lle. (aside.) Most worthy love! why can I love him not?
Madame. Peace to his gallant heart! when next we meet,
May I have gained a son—and thou——
M'lle. (quickly.) My mother,
This night let every thought be given to *thee!*
Beautiful scene, farewell!—farewell my home!
And thou, grey convent, whose inspiring chime
Measures the hours with prayer, that morn and eve
Life may ascend the ladder of the angels,
And climb to Heaven! serene retreats, farewell!
And now, my mother!—no! some hours must yet
Pass ere our parting.
Madame. Cheer thee, my Louise!
And let us now within; the dews are falling—
M'lle. And I forgot how ill your frame may bear them.
Pardon!—within, within!—
(Stopping short and gazing fondly on Mad. de la Valliere.)
Your hand, dear mother! *[Exeunt.]*

* A Play, in Five Acts, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. author of 'Rienzi,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' &c.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Letters from Mr. Brooks.—No. CIV.

London, April 12, 1836.

An English steamboat, a rascally, villainous, dirty and stupid thing—John Bull is a century behind us in this respect—took us over from Antwerp to London, for which we paid in all, fare, dinner, breakfast, and servants, about twelve dollars—distance less than two hundred miles.—For that sum, one could sail down the Ohio and the Mississippi, some twelve or fifteen hundred miles. Our way, of course, was down the Scheldt, or Escant, as it is called in French,—by Dutch forts, and Belgic forts, for the country seems to be parcelled out, with a bit of land here for his Majesty of the Hague, and a bit of land there for his Majesty of Brussels:—so that the traveller in the windings of the river, can hardly say under which dominion he is. The Dutch, however, have the mouth, and keep a frigate there as well as a fort: and as he who holds the mouth of any thing, holds the most important part, it would be about as wise to give the whole, Antwerp and all, to the King of Holland, particularly as the Dutch is the language of the people here and all about. Brussels and that region, if I were a carver of kingdoms, I should hand over to the French. These nations with two tongues, are but a bother. Antwerp has lost much of her valuable trade with the Dutch colonies on account of her revolution, though she has not lost it all, indirectly at least, as Dutchmen under another flag are yet numerous in her port. I counted no less than a dozen American vessels in the river and the docks of Antwerp. In every commercial port I go to, my eye is delighted with the sight of our flag borne there by our industrious merchantmen, whose enterprise is as great upon the ocean as that of their countrymen upon the land. One of our ships was loading with *grain*, which, it seemed to me, was like carrying coals to Newcastle, or onions to Weathersfield, if that is better understood.

The Scheldt is not what it was in 'days of yore,' when it was almost as thickly crowded with ships as the Thames is now. Holland plucked from it the jewel of its trade, and Amsterdam and Rotterdam came up upon its ruins. But the seat of commerce like the seat of empire is ever changing, and some day or other in the order of time, even the Thames will be as the Scheldt is at present, or the more deserted and melancholy Tiber. Empire, glory, power, wealth, the continent has been pouring over to England, and England is pouring them over to us. England is the link and the bond of the old world and the new, and in passing over the narrow channel, the difference is as great as in passing three thousand miles over sea. I could not but remark and feel astonished at this surprising difference the moment I put my foot upon this English steamer. Here was the same language once more, the long lost, but welcome notes of my own tongue, which sounded so sweetly in my ear. Almost every thing reminded me of home, and I really felt as if I were touching a link that was connected with my own land. The huge piece of roast beef appeared again on the dinner table. And then came the plum pudding, an old acquaintance that I had not seen for months. The English and Americans upon the continent often go by the name of *Monsieur Roast Beef*;—and one of the first dishes a French or an Italian servant in a Restaurant proposes to John Bull or his Brother Jonathan, doubling over a French or an Italian bill of fare, is a beef steak, or a *Bifteck*. Monsieur G—d d—n is also another name for the English-speaking race—this being their common oath. This oath is so well known all over the continent, that the mere uttering of it has a magical effect very often, particularly in the Italian towns.

Thus not only the same language met my ears, but the same habits, the same manners, the same customs, the very same table. Instead of laughing and talking happily as the Frenchmen do, we talk in those low whispers,

which, it is true, rather distinguish English society than ours, but which is becoming also, unfortunately, in our English imitation, the characteristic of ours. The same suppression of all feeling, pretended indifference as to others, and yet unexceptionable though cold politeness that begin to mark a company of gentlemen strangers in many parts of the United States, here marked our circle. For the world, we would hardly venture to speak to our right hand man, though the right hand man might be very happy to have a civil word from us. 'It is cold to-day, *sir*,' says one—'*Yes, sir*,' says another, and '*very*,' he may add, as a mark of condescension.—but his condescension is such as to show you that you have ventured to take a liberty in speaking to him. This is English, however, rather than American, but it is beginning to be American, though the quicker the *beginning* is nipped in the bud, the better. How, in such a case, the Frenchmen would laugh and chatter! What an uproar a dozen of them would make! He thus contrives to live more in one hour than the Englishman lives in twenty-four.

Little things often indicate more of a change, an idea of which a writer is attempting to convey, than others more important—and, therefore, I must call your attention to these little changes again. Our good French cup of coffee was gone, and a cup of tea appeared in its stead. He only who has drunk the coffee as it is prepared in France, knows what a sad change this is. The little delicious rolls of French bread disappeared, and the massive loaf of John Bull took its place. A beef-steak, that unaccustomed visiter upon a French table, now came piping hot upon ours. John Bull has the advantage here. Wine at dinner, as an ordinary drink, gave way to Porter, Ale and Beer. Ox-tail soup, or soups with more imposing names, banished the *Potage a la Julienne, au lait d'amandes*, or the like. The prodigious pile of roast beef and grease towered loftily in the centre of the table, instead of the myriads of little dishes which the Frenchman cooks up from every thing, even down to the feet of pigs, with an economy as wonderful as it is ingenious, never losing any part of an eatable thing. The *hors d'œuvres*, and the *entremets*—eggs puffed up sky-high, and mutton chops in paper curls (*cotellettes en papilotte*.) fled at once. Out of the mass cumbering our table, the Frenchman would, with his sauces, have made a hundred, (and it may be two) excellent dishes, working the beef into at least twenty forms, and the mutton into as many more. Say what we may, the Frenchman has the advantage over us, from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I went upon the continent with as violent a prejudice as ever man had against such French things,—but I come back with an opinion all changed. The reason that we Americans are ever dying of dyspepsia, and the English of gout, is that we eat three times as much as the French, and are ever overloading our stomachs—while their manner of cooking, and serving up what is cooked, renders this exceedingly difficult. There is a *philosophy* in the kitchen with them,—and after one's prejudices are disposed of, he sees and enjoys it too, and at last discovers that there is a way of living better than he has lived, and for half the money.

CV. LONDON, April 13, 1836.

From any thing contained in my last letter, you must not conclude that I am French mad, though I be French bitten a little, as almost every stranger is likely to be in a city made so delightful to the stranger as Paris is, and where he can have whatever he asks for, whether it be of science on the left banks of the Seine, or of pleasure upon the right. But French bitten though the American or the Englishman be, he is readily cured as he passes over the channel, and comes up the Thames. The spectacle exhibited upon this river is one of the greatest eye ever witnessed, or fancy ever dreamed of;—and if I were an Englishman, I should feel prouder of it than ever a Roman could feel of his imperial Rome. Indeed, it is ever one of my proudest thoughts, that my own native tongue is the language spoken here, and that we are children of this noble race. Talk of the Tiber—talk of Rome!—why, the Thames has a hundred ships for every one that was upon the Tiber; and London is more and mightier than the imperial Rome. Paris is the capital of art, of science, of pleasure, and of opinion, it may be. The taste that rules in Paris, rules all the world. The universality of the language of the French is a weapon in the Frenchman's hands, by which he sways all Europe more or less. But, nevertheless, London is the capital of the world. Paris is but a child by its side. Even our own New-York is but an infant of two days old. At the magnitude and the might of this London I am more astonished, even now that I have had an opportunity to compare it with other places of the world. The ends and the suburbs of Paris an easy walk would bring to me, but the ends and suburbs of this London, in a walk I can never find. London indeed begins at the mouth of the Thames, and the *end* of London in more than one sense, reaches even among the highlands of Scotland—for the whole of England and the whole of Scotland are but one great pasture to feed and clothe the mighty mass of human beings concentred here.

I love England as the only land of liberty on this side of the sea. France, boast as she may, is not free—and, alas! I fear the prize of rational liberty is too great a boon for her to enjoy. Her society is free, her people substantially acknowledge no distinction of ranks in the social circle—while on the contrary in England, the most slavish and factitious state of society exists that human ingenuity, it seems to me, can create:—but nevertheless, France, politically speaking, is not free, and England is. The armed soldiery of London are but few and far between. In Paris they guard and garrison every thing—and the drum in the morning is the first thing in your ears, and the last at night. England, however, enjoys this exemption from her insular position, and that floating bulwark of her empire which she has upon the sea,—while France must keep up myriads of soldiers to overcome the despots that grudge her even the freedom she has. The Police of London though numerous and strong, is without a weapon in its hands—while in Paris, the Police on horseback and on foot are strong in arms The Police of London seem to be among its best bred men, polite, courteous, and popular even—while the Police of Paris can merit no applause like this, and it certainly is as odious as universal unpopularity can cause it to be. Again, the whole passport system, all *espionage*, are at once brushed away. One can go *where* and *when* he pleases, and no passport keepers ask—why do you so? But the chief pleasure I have, is in reading the English press. I love the liberty of *grumbling*, which the English people so much enjoy. Accustomed, as I have been for six or eight months past, to read in Germany or in Italy the little sickly chronicles of Kings and Courts, the partially suppressed and metamorphosed news of public events,—and in France, to observe the caution if not fear with which public affairs are spoken of, there is a great pleasure reminding me of my own land, in reading the full, free, and vigorous words with which an English editor speaks of public measures and public men. The King even, who, in the form of law, it is said, 'can do no wrong'—the sacred person of his Majesty himself, is no longer sacred here. The King is admonished as well as his subjects. He is told to 'beware,' as well as his Ministry. No title, no rank is a refuge from the salutary criticism of the press. The titled scoundrel receives its castigation, as well as the scoundrel to whom no title adds no rank.

The English Press is free. The Courts of Law are just, and free. The liberty of the subject is perfectly secure. Every Englishman feels himself as free and as great in any tribunal as the Prime Minister of the Empire.—And then the People love the law which they feel that they have made, and they obey it with pleasure. So that London vast as it is, seems to be governed with as much ease as the best ordered village in the interior of New-England A soldier I have never seen necessary to enforce public order. An unarmed Police-man but stands in the crowded thoroughfare of Cheapside or the Strand, and a single motion of his finger is obeyed as readily as if a hundred bayonets stood ready to back its command. No where on the Continent are such gratifying spectacles as these exhibited. Even that bewitching France, which, with all their faults, make a stranger love their people and their land, there are no such rational liberty and law as this. Indeed I cannot convey to you a better idea of my own impressions of the difference between England and the Continent than to ask you to remember the severity with which I first spoke of and looked upon England, her aristocracy, her manners, and the like, when fresh from America I contrasted them with the happier forms in my own land, and to contrast what was then said with what justice and a wider observation in Europe compel me to say now. Italy is the Paradise of Europe ruined long ago by misgovernment and man. France, as the world defines civilization, is the most civilized of all the nations of the earth. France is delightful, bewitching even—the home of a happy race of happy men. No man can live in her capital and not feel that there is a charm there which no other capital in Europe has. But England, if not to be loved, is to be admired. There is something the traveller sees in the English blood which makes old England the wonder of the world. Her wealth, her magnificence, her power, astonish and delight him. An island upon which nature and climate seem to have frowned, man has made a garden of, and even the rocks teem with production.—Rivers that are but rills in our estimation float the commerce of the world. In this smoky, clouded, gloomy London, where even at times (witness Sunday last) a candle is needed at noon-day, and the clergyman cannot see to read his discourse,—here in this mantle of smoke is the mistress of the Hindostan, the empress of the East, of the Canadas, of the many isles of the ocean, and then the great regulator of the Politics and the Commerce of the world! A wonderful people, a wonderful land! I glory in the joyous reflection, for I see in it but the shadowings forth of what the same race in a more prosperous climate aided by a more bountiful nature, and favored I believe by a yet happier and yet freer government, are yet to do. Liberty and Law have made England what it is. The like, but yet stronger impulse of Liberty is arousing every faculty of the American people, and stimulating them to a degree of energy that astonishes even this astonishing people here, who are accustomed to think of nothing as impossible: and now if Law, the necessary companion of Liberty, the only arm safe to check her generous aspirations for the benefit of the human race,—if Law and Liberty march together with them, as in England here, I am sure that the time is rapidly coming, when the traveller will feel as much of that admiration for the American name, as he crosses the sea, as I have felt for the English in coming over the channel, and in marking their astonishing practical superiority over all other nations of Europe. B.

From the Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club.

THE IVY GREEN!

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim!
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

NOTES ON SWEDES.—The people of Sweden are probably far more virtuous than any other in Europe. The entire number of illegitimate children is only about 6,000, while that of the legitimate is 80,000. In Stockholm, however, the state of morals, in this respect, is like that of all great cities of Europe. Still it is vastly better than that of Paris, or almost any other place of 80,000 souls, which is its present population.

The population of Sweden is 3,025,000; of Norway, 1,205,000—making a total of 4,230,000. Though this country is not rich, yet the receipts of the treasury are about fifty millions of dollars hance—that is about $20,000,000. Its expenditures are about the same. It has no debt worthy of being mentioned, nor indeed, any that can be, strictly speaking, called a debt.

Norway, which was attached to Sweden by the treaty of Kiel, in 1814, is governed by its own legislature, which has but one house or chamber, and whose members are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. They are chosen by the people, and suffrage is of very general extent. This legislature or diet, as it is called, meets once in three years. It is now in session in Christiana. The king has a veto power on the laws passed by the diet of that country. But if any act be voted by three successive diets, it becomes a law, even if the King should have vetoed it. A majority of votes is only required; but the process, as you will have perceived, demands nine years. Norway is almost independent, in reality, of Sweden.—The people have now tasted the sweetness of power, and are for gaining more. The diet of that country has given not a little trouble to Sweden within the last two or three years. There is a viceroy in Norway, appointed by the King.

The legislative government of Sweden is an anomaly, and perhaps is not well known to your readers. I will endeavor to give them some idea of it. The legislative power is vested in four bodies, representing the four great estates or classes of people. 1st. The Nobles—they are numerous and poor. There are more than fifteen hundred Nobles, who have a right to sit in the House of Nobles; but seldom more than two or three hundred attend. 2d. The Clergy—they are about seventy in number, including the twelve bishops and one arch-bishop They meet in a house or hall of their own, as do the Nobles and other two bodies. 3d. The Burgesses—who represent large towns and cities. They are some fifty or sixty.—4th. The Peasants—or body of legislators who are chosen by the peasants and represent them. The number of this branch is various, but generally fifty or about that number. All the legislators, except the Nobles, receive compensation for their services; and as each district has to pay the salary of its own representative, it often happens that, for the sake of economy, they combine to the number of two or three, or even six or eight, to support one member of the Legislature.

On all questions relating to the constitution of the country, unanimity,—that is, the vote of each of the four branches is required. But in minor matters, touching the finances of the country, and other things of that kind, the favorable vote of three of the chambers, or branches of the legislature, is sufficient.

The diet meets once in five years. Its sessions are very long, and do not accomplish much. The last one was of twenty-one months' duration. This form of parliament was established by Gustavus Vasa, nearly three hundred years ago. It is really antiquated. It was a grand step considering the then times, and considering the darkness of the views of Kings on such subjects.

Correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser.

EASTERN HYPERBOLE.—Redschid Bey, the newly appointed Ottoman ambassador in England, was previously in the same situation in France. Before leaving Paris, he addressed some poetry to a young lady whose beauty and singing had enchanted him—which was translated into French by Prof. Desgranges, and which is thus rendered into English in the New-York American:

"Many are the pretty roses in the garden of beauty, but they have not the delicious voice of the nightingale. The nightingale! its whole charm is in its voice; in its plumage nothing recalls the beauty of the rose. Though each be the delight of lovers, each is powerful by a different attraction. The rose is light itself to the eye of the lover—the nightingale takes captive the ear of the universe. But if each, separately, imparts a varied gratification, one may yet overcome, near each, the melancholy it inspires. While the one is bound to the earth, and the other is a denizen of the skies, could a union of the charms of both in one be looked for?—Yet have I met with that delightful union! I have seen grace united with melody, and I wander on and lose myself in my enchantment; for I have seen the rose in a nightingale, and the nightingale in a rose. In Paris my eyes beheld a young girl—the rose of the morning was envious of her beauty—the nightingale at the sound of her voice hid himself for shame; and I have called his charmer *Rose-Nightingale.*"

JOHN BUNYAN.—Coleridge, in his Table-Talk, has the following paragraphs, about a book, which many have read and all must have admired—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress:

"This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and at each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colors.

"I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgement and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is in my conviction, incomparably the best *Summa Theologiæ Evangelica* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired."

We have not, like the author of this opinion, given this book a third perusal. We read it once, and then, more for its poetry than its theology or devotional feelings, but the impressions it made upon the mind are vivid after the lapse of many years. The perfect simplicity of its style, its deep imaginative power, and the striking allegories, which abound in its pages, cannot fail to enchain the attention and delight the fancy of all who may venture upon the Pilgrim's narrative.

It appears that a work has recently been published in London, entitled 'Illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress by Bernard Barton, with a Biographical Sketch of the life and writings of John Bunyan, by Josiah Conder.—The life of the son of a poor tinker, who in the solitude of the prison, composed such a work as the Pilgrim's Progress, will not be without its interest. Bunyan was born at the village of Elston, near Bedford, England, in 1628. In early life he was a wanderer, a soldier of dissipated habits. After he reformed, he joined a society of Anabaptists and became a public teacher among them. Soon after the restoration, under the laws enacted against dissenters from the established church, he incurred the sentence of transportation. That sentence was not carried into effect, but he was confined in prison for twelve years. It was during this period that his ardent imagination produced the splendid allegory to which he is indebted for the fame that is awarded to his memory.

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS.—The 'voyageurs' form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the arrieros, or carriers of Spain, and, like them, are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic: with this difference, that the arrieros travel by land, the voyageurs by water; the former with mules and horses, the latter with batteaux and canoes. * * *

The dress of these people is generally half civilized, half savage. They wear a capot or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trowsers, or leathern leggings, moccasins of deer skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same pie bald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. * *

They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and, instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of 'cousin' and 'brother,' when there is in fact no relationship. * * *

No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good humored under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning unto night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditionary French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars; if at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French chansons, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth, and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony; and it has a pleasing effect, in a still golden summer evening, to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along, in full chorus, on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers. But we are talking of things that are fast fading away. * * * * *

An instance of the buoyant temperament and the professional pride of these people was furnished in the gay and braggart style in which they arrived at New-York to join the enterprise. They were determined to regale and astonish the people of the 'States' with the sight of a Canadian boat and a Canadian crew. They accordingly fitted up a large but light bark canoe, such as is used in the fur trade; transported it in a wagon from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of lake Champlain;—traversed the lake in it, from end to end; hoisted it again in a wagon and wheeled it off to Lansinburgh, and there launched it upon the waters of the Hudson. Down this river they plied their course merrily on a fine summer's day, making its banks resound for the first time with their old French boat songs; passing by the villages with whoop and halloo, so as to make the honest Dutch farmers mistake them for a crew of savages. In this way they swept, in full song, and with regular flourish of the paddle, round New-York, in a still summer evening, to the wonder and admiration of its inhabitants, who had never before witnessed on their waters a nautical apparition of the kind.

Irving's Astoria.

THE FOOD OF MAN.—The Genesee Farmer gives the following summary of the native countries of our most familiar plants:—

The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and Monte Video. In its native state, the root is small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1583. It is now spread over the world.—Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous.—The only country where oats are found wild is Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native.—Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus.—The bread-fruit tree is a native of the South Sea islands, particularly Otaheite.—Tea is found a native no where except in China and Japan, whence the world is supplied.—The cocoa-nut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing and shelter are afforded by it.—Coffee is a native of the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha in Arabia, whence is furnished about sixty millions of pounds yearly.—All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab-apple, which is found native in most parts of the world.—The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in its native state, small, bitter, and with its poisonous qualities.—Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately one species has been found in Holland. Tobacco was first introduced into England from North Carolina, by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1589.—Asparagus was brought from Asia—cabbage and lettuce from Holland—radish from China—rice from Ethiopia—beans from the East Indies; onions and garlics are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa.—The sugar cane is a native of China, and the art of making sugar from it has been practised from the remotest antiquity.

ISTURIZ.—Don Tomaso Isturiz, the ex-minister of the Queen of Spain, who on the constitution of 1812 being proclaimed, was obliged to fly for his life to Lisbon, appears to have undergone many vicissitudes of fortune.—during the peninsular war he was a merchant at Cadiz, and was elected one of the junta during the memorable seige by Soult. Having a dash of the republican in his character, he moved in the Cortes in May, 1814, that the beloved Ferdinand should be declared unworthy to reign, should he refuse to swear to and accept the constitution of 1812. On the return of Ferdinand he was compelled to go into exile. He repaired to London, where many of his companions were starving on the scanty allowance of 15s per month. The following anecdote is told of him:—"He was one day walking near the Royal Exchange during the drawing of the Lottery in 1815, and feeling an inclination to sport £20, went into the office of Martin & Co., Cornhill, where referring to his pocket-book, he counted the number of days that had elapsed from his providential escape from Madrid, and the tender mercies prepared for him by the beloved Ferdinando, he found them to amount to 261, and then demanded to buy that ticket; but it was nearly a half an hour before it could be obtained, and only after a strict search amongst the lottery offices in the city. At length half a ticket of No. 261 was procured at two o'clock, and at five it was drawn a prize of £40,000—the only one ever exhibited to that amount in England. The lucky Don lay down that night £20,000 richer than he had risen."

Blackwood's Magazine.

SWITZERLAND.—Dr. Bowring has recently published a report on the moral and physical condition of the Swiss, which contains much valuable information not to be found in the works of the mere pleasure-seekers or mountain-climbers.

The habits of life among the laboring class are simple. In Neufchatel a workman in a factory can easily earn $275 a year, and on this sum support his family. A good loaf of bread costs about four cents of our money, milk about two cents per quart, and meat eight cents per lb.—A bottle of wine can be had for ten cents. The careful and industrious now generally place their funds in the savings banks, formerly they purchased land. These banks pay three per cent. interest, but no depositor is allowed to increase his fund at a rate beyond sixty francs per annum.

In Zurich, music is generally cultivated. It is taught scientifically in the schools, and it is a common thing for the laborers returning from the field or their workshops, to join in singing concerted pieces which they do with great effect.

The government of this canton insures against all losses by fire, assessing a tax proportioned to the contingencies of the year.

In Geneva wages are higher. A man who can make a watch will earn from $15 to $40 a month. A musical-box maker gets $80 a month, while some of the highest grade of workmen earn as much as $4 per day. Thus we see that skill, all over the world, has its due reward.

Everywhere the cause of education and religion is attended to. The Protestant cantons in particular, are in a state of increasing prosperity.

THE MIRAGE.—Major Skinner, in his 'Overland Journey to India,' describes an ocular deception, or mirage, of extraordinary perfection and distinctness, witnessed by him in travelling over the deserts of Arabia. It resembled a vast sheet of water. He says—

"The seeming lake was broken in several parts by the little islands of sand, that gave strength to the delusion.—The dromedaries of the sheikhs at length reached its borders, and appeared to us to have commenced fording. As they advanced and became more surrounded by the vapor, I thought they had got into deep water, and moved with great caution. In passing over the sand-banks their figures were reflected in the water. So convinced was Mr. Calhoun of its reality, that he dismounted and walked towards the deepest part of it, which was on the right hand. He followed the deceitful lake for a long time, and to our sight was strolling on its bank, his shadow stretching to a great length beyond. There was not a breath of wind; it was a sultry day, and such a one as would have added dreadfully to the disappointment, if we had been any time without water."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—The following reminiscence relating to the late Mr Wood, the banker, has not generally appeared among the several anecdotes published since his death. As may be supposed, from his habits and character, a dinner guest was an unusual phenomenon at his table. On one occasion, however, he found it necessary to tolerate the rarity, and provided a fowl for the banquet, the dressing of which he was rash enough to entrust to a rustic flunkey in his service. He also placed in readiness a bottle of good wine, for the protection of which he deemed it prudent to affix to its neck a label, with the awful word "Poison" imprinted thereon. He then went about his customary avocations. On his return to dinner, his attention was attracted by the wild and disordered appearance of his factotum, whose eyes were "in fine phrenzy rolling," and he enquired what ailed him? "O, measter," stuttered the hiccuping youth, "it's all over wi' me." "What do you mean, you rascal?" "Why, measter, as I was basting the fowl, it did smell so nice, and I was so hungry, that I couldn't help tucking into it, and when I'd done, I know'd as how you'd turn me away for it, and so—and so—I've poisoned myself!" The dissected fowl and empty wine bottle "corroborated the evidence."

THE NEW-YORKER.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1836.

Report of the Postmaster General.—It is within the knowledge of a majority of our readers that we welcomed the elevation of Mr. Kendall to the distinguished station he now holds, and that we have ever—though not without exception—regarded his official conduct with decided partiality. The violent assaults upon and the serious charges preferred against his character as a politician and a man, were not effectual to shake our confidence in his peculiar fitness for a station requiring a rare combination of capacity, industry, perseverance, and inflexibility. And since his appointment, we have been at all times forward to certify to the ability with which his official duties have generally been performed.

Even now that we are compelled to differ from him, we still say that he has not disappointed us. He has redeemed his Department from the wretched state of insolvency and disorganization in which it was left by his predecessor; instead of applying to Congress to pay his Bank loans, he has a large balance on hand, notwithstanding the increase of mail facilities keeps full pace with those of former years; he recommends a material reduction of the rates of letter postage; he has enforced a system of rigid accountability on his subordinates; in fine, he is an officer of remarkable capacity and energy. He has erred in one or two instances, and he has failed to give punctuality and security to the newspaper mails of the country; but we did not look for perfection.

The Report recently submitted to the President and herewith laid before our readers is an able paper. A Postmaster General who can bring his Annual Exposé within the compass of two columns is *prima facie* qualified for the station. The Report proves that both he and his 'hirelings,' as he bluntly terms them, have been faithfully at work the past year. The condition of the Department is most gratifying. The rats which had burrowed in its various nooks and corners have been mainly ferreted out. The revenues are most ample. Improvements are still being made; the novel Express Mail is in the full tide of successful experiment; postages are to be reduced; and, just at this prosperous crisis, Mr. Kendall has chosen to make war on the large and widely circulating city newspapers.

Now, we are not disposed to whine about the matter. If Mr. Kendall chooses to suggest that no paper larger in size or whiter in aspect than a No. 3 mackerel shall be transported by mail, and Congress sanctions the suggestion, we shall invoke no sympathy. We have faith in our ability to earn a livelihood either by manufacturing newspapers or by something else, as circumstances shall dictate and the wisdom of law-makers allow. But the gratuitous, the invidious, the pitiful observations with which Mr. Kendall introduces his new project, we shall not submit to in silence. He does not consider it "necessary that large numbers of newspapers should be transported from one end of the Union to the other, as means of instructing and enlightening the public mind." Indeed! "That office can as well be performed by the local presses as by newspapers from a distance."—Now, if the conductors of the local presses generally swallow this gross bait, they are greener than we esteem them. The fact is, the country needs local presses—they ought to be much better supported than they are by those residing in their neighborhoods respectively—but it needs also metropolitan presses. Let us look at facts: The average quantity of reading matter afforded weekly by the country journals is considerably less than one-third the amount contained in our sheet, and in many other of the city weeklies. Of this limited quantity, a large proportion should be, and generally is, devoted to matters strictly local—local incidents, local improvements, local elections, &c. &c.—matters which should be known to all the population of the particular county or district of each respectively. Essential public documents, such as President's and Governor's Messages, with imperfect abstracts of foreign and domestic news, necessarily occupy nearly all the remaining space. Who will pretend that there is room left for such selections from the current literature of the day—to say nothing of original essays—as is imperatively demanded by the existing tastes of the reading public? Even if there were, the Editor located in a secluded or stump-chequered village, far from the great marts of literature as well as merchandize, has not the sources whence they should be culled, neither will his avocations nor his income permit the devotion of his whole time to the business. But the matter is really too plain for argument.—The P. M. G. might as rationally argue that the local journals are all-sufficient as vehicles of literary communication, and attempt to embarrass the sale of books out of the great cities. The logic which justified the burning of the Alexandrian library was far more conclusive.

Mr. Kendall chuckles heartily over the idea that his Express Mail must largely curtail the circulation of the more popular journals. Perhaps so. We must regard the pitiful clap-trap of checking the circulation of Northern papers at the South as unworthy the station that dignifies him. It would once have been thought proper to suffer an editor whose ability and application had won him consideration and popularity beyond his immediate neighborhood to enjoy the fruits of his labors. Now, it seems more desirable to offer a premium on ignorance and stupidity. The suggestion ought not to have originated with Mr. Kendall.

If the Postmaster General had merely directed his hostility against journals of 'an inordinate size,' we should not have remonstrated. If a law be passed in accordance with his suggestions, we shall probably reduce our papers within the prescribed 920 inches—the Folio by a slight decrease of margin; the Quarto with great expense and trouble. But the discrimination in favor of sheets of 550 inches, or 27 by 20, is totally irrational. Its only effect can be to injure the city papers of all sizes, since none, either city or country, making pretensions to general circulation, can be compressed within such narrow limits.

The P. M. G. faintly hints at a rule, allowing publishers to pay all the postage on their edition in advance, and be charged but one-half. Before we grasp at this proposal, we wish to press the rather interesting inquiry—In case the copies so post-paid never reach the subscribers, what then?—If Mr. Kendall's mail did its duty by us, we should have eighteen daily sheets in each week from New-Orleans, yet in the last fortnight we have not received a dozen. At this rate, Mr. Kendall's 'improved bid' would cost all it would come to.

But we did not propose to review the Report generally.—We honor Mr. Kendall for his plain speaking on the subject of abuses of the franking privilege. Let the Members of Congress take the hint. They know very well for whom it is intended. By the way, would not an abolition or essential restriction of the franking privilege be desirable? We ask for information.

We are happy to notice Mr. K.'s improvement in the matter of railroads and mail transportation. Last year, he was apparently in favor of taking possession and making use of private citizens' railroads by the law of the strongest. It were just as defensible to order Mr. Reeside to carry the Express Mail on horseback for a stated sum, and, on his refusing, to turn out a regiment of regulars to enforce the requisition. Mr. Kendall has now touched the right key. Let Congress pass a law limiting the Department to a certain rate per mile for railroad transportation of the mail, and the existing difficulty will be obviated. We close.

Report of the Secretary of War (ad interim.)—We have read Mr. Butler's very long Report with interest, certainly, but with very little satisfaction. Many of its recommendations do not coincide with our convictions of sound policy; and some of its statements develope facts which we should be happy to believe fictitious. However, we must strive, in our abstract, to avoid the prolixity of this ungracious document.

To begin, then, with the Army. We can give its history for the past year in a small portion of the space required by Mr. Butler. The whole course of the operations against the Seminoles has been a series of defeats and disgraces. Formidable expeditions baffled if not routed by Oseola; strong detachments defeated at the magical Withlacoochee, and either cut up or barely rescued in a state of starvation; the open country ravaged with the torch and the tomahawk by the ruthless savages; and now at this present December we are just about where we were a year ago, with the exception of the houses burnt, people murdered, soldiers slain or dead of disease and privation, and military service disorganized by the open and fierce quarrels of all our chief officers—Scott, Gaines, Jesup, Call, &c. It is said, indeed, that the hostile Chiefs are becoming tired of the war, and nearly inclined to submit. If so, the present favorable season may terminate this wretched business; but there have been no laurels won in Florida since Gen. Jackson was there—unless, indeed, by Oseola. The Secretary very wisely leaves the minute detail of the campaign to Major General Macomb.

The whole force now on duty in Florida numbers about 4,000; 1,500 regulars, (beside 500 non-effective,) 1,200 Tennessee volunteers, 300 Alabama do. 250 Florida do. 50 Washington city do. and 730 Creek Indians. Beside these there are 900 volunteers now in the service of the U. States.

Gov. Call has been superseded in the chief command in Florida, which is devolved on Gen. Jesup. (We learn from other sources that the Tennessee volunteers are dissatisfied with this change, and have quitted or will soon quit the service.) Gen. Jesup has made a requisition on the Governor of Georgia for a regiment, and on that of Alabama for a battalion of volunteers, to take the place of the Tennesseans. The call has been approved; but the Government holds the opinion that there will still be force enough in Florida after the Tennesseans have left the service. We hope so.

General Gaines has 2,458 men in his department, of whom 147 are at Camp Sabine and 428 at Camp Nacogdoches.—We extract the following paragraph, and urge the inquiry—Why does the Government so clearly acknowledge the futility of the pretences under which Gen. Gaines invaded the Mexican territory, and yet hesitate peremptorily to recall his forces? That measure of reparation should not be the discretionary act of a mere military commandant, but the consequence of a direct and positive order from Washington.—But to the extract:

"The movements of the forces under the personal command of Major General Gaines on the western frontiers of Louisiana and Arkansas, are sufficiently stated in the report of the General-in-chief. General Gaines has been recently relieved of this command by Brigadier General Arbuckle, who was instructed, under date of the 10th October last, to make a full report of the condition of things in that quarter. He was also particularly advised that under the instructions previously given to Gen. Gaines, that officer was not to advance into the territory claimed by Mexico, and, if he should have advanced, was to retire, unless the Indians were actually engaged in hostilities against the United States, or unless he had undoubted evidence that such hostilities were intended, and were actually in preparation within that territory. On the 11th ultimo, a communication was received from the officer in command at Camp Nacogdoches, giving an unfavorable account of the health of the troops at that post, and stating that their continuance there during the winter would make it necessary to construct barracks and quarters for their comfortable accommodation. In consequence of this communication, Brigadier General Arbuckle was instructed, under date of the 12th ultimo, to take all necessary measures to restore the health of the troops, and, in the event of his deciding to retain possession of Camp Nacogdoches, to provide at that place all needful accommodations. He was also informed that it was not in the power of the Department, with the limited information then in its possession, to give any positive order in regard to the future occupation of the post. The opinion was, however, expressed, that there seemed to be no adequate cause for any longer maintaining a position so unhealthful and inconvenient; and he was instructed, in case he had not already withdrawn his troops, to give the requisite order for that purpose immediately on the receipt of that communication, unless he should then have in his possession information satisfying him that the maintenance of the post is essential to the protection of our frontiers, and to the due execution of our treaty stipulations, as explained in the previous instructions to General Gaines and to himself."

The Secretary urges an increase of the Army. We are opposed to this. It appears from his report that he cannot obtain recruits to fill up the present establishment; what use, then, in manufacturing a half dozen additional skeletons of regiments, which must prove vastly expensive without being at all effective? He proposes 12,000 men, instead of 8,000, as a regular peace establishment, at an increased annual expense of about $1,000,000. He states that the present force only affords 6,000 effective men, of whom 3,000 are required to garrison properly the fortifications on the sea-board, leaving but 3,000 for the interior. We believe that number quite sufficient, if the policy of the Government and the temper of the people be pacific: if not, 50,000 will prove too few. The Indians are now nearly all driven across

the Mississippi. There is little to fear from them, unless we plunder and abuse them. Keep out of the Texas quarrel, and keep Texas out of the Union, and three thousand men are amply sufficient to guard our Western frontier. At any rate, such is our opinion.

Fortifications have made little progress the past year, owing to the lateness of the passage of the Appropriation Bills.

The Lead Miners about Galena have generally refused to pay the rent stipulated for the use of the Mines. There are 493,313 pounds of lead due on rents accruing prior to the 30th of Sept. 1835. The superintendent advises the sale of the Mines.

The Secretary recommends an increase of the staff of the Army, an increase of the rank and file, and an increase of the pay of certain officers: a First Lieutenant of five years' standing to have the pay of Captain, &c. &c. 'The horse-leech hath three daughters, crying, Give, give!'—We like much better the recommendation of an increase of the pay of privates, and a land bounty on re-enlistments. But our favorite plan is that of making the Army a vast polytechnic school into which young men of eighteen might enlist with a prospect of obtaining a knowledge of many higher branches of an English education—Geography, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, History, &c. with Surveying and Engineering. Under a proper system and with an inconsiderable expense, every fortress and military post might become an excellent seminary of practical education, to which young men of energy who are destitute of fortune would eagerly attach themselves. Will not some future Secretary think of this suggestion?

The Secretary recommends the re-appointment of Chaplains in the Army. We heartily second the motion.

He views with a favorable eye the Military Academy at West Point, and advocates its extension. We will think of this.

Eighteen thousand Indians, mainly Creeks, have been pushed across the Mississippi the past year. The reluctant Cherokees have not yet been put in motion.

The Secretary recommends a general system of legislation and military police for the government and protection of the emigrated Indians in their new territory—also that a delegate or delegates in Congress be allowed them.

The payments on account of Pensions during the past year have amounted to $2,699,430 66.

The aggregate expenditures of the War Department for the year 1836 are estimated at $20,333,012 19—those of the first three quarters having amounted to $13,514,436 29. Those of 1837 are estimated at $19,335,425 54. This is altogether too high, in our judgement, since not only are the expenses of the Navy of course excluded, but nothing is allowed for new undertakings, Indian hostilities, or Nacogdoches expeditions.—But we take leave of the subject.

North Carolina.—John B. Muse, a Whig Delegate to the Legislature of this State from Pasquotank County, recently resigned his seat on account of ill health, and David H. Kenyon, of opposite politics, has been elected in his stead by a majority of 70. This gives the friends of Mr. Van Buren a complete ascendency in joint ballot, and secures the election of an Administration Senator for the ensuing term.

The votes cast for Governor were canvassed on the 19th. Edward B. Dudley had 33,993, Richard D. Spaight 29,950: majority for Dudley (Whig) 4,043. This is exclusive of the votes of Burke, Chowan and Gates Counties, which were either not returned or rejected. If counted, they would increase the majority to 4,729. This vote is about 15,000 higher than the recent vote for President, in which a majority of 3,200 votes was given for the Van Buren Electoral Ticket. We shall probably publish both canvasses in our next.

The Coal Trade.—The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette has a labored attempt to prove that there has been nothing unfair or grasping in the conduct of the coal miners and proprietors the past season. We never suspected them. The fact that coal sells at fair prices in most of our cities amply exculpates them. The fault lies with those who have the more immediate control of our market. Six hundred and eighty-two thousand tons have been mined in Pennsylvania the past season—three times as much as in any year prior to 1832, and 125,000 tons more than in any preceding year. Schuylkill sold at Pottsville more than half the summer at $2 to $2 25 per ton. Now, it costs but $14 in New-York—the weather being moderate. Had December been as cold as last year, $16 would not buy it. Well, we must endure it.

By the way, we will thank any one for a certified list of the dealers who are now selling at such exorbitant prices. Its publication may do no immediate good, but it will enable our citizens to *know their friends* another season. Will not some one take the trouble of supplying us?

Louisiana.—We have at length the detailed official returns from this State, together with the actual votes of the parishes (Natchitoches and Concordia) from which no returns were received. We here contradict the report to which we gave currency, that these votes would have given the State to White. They would have reduced the Van Buren majority 15—no more.

New Hampshire.—The Legislature of this State have elected Hon. Franklin Pierce of Hillsborough to the U. S. Senate, for the ensuing term. He received in caucus 108 votes out of 160. Mr. Page, the incumbent, appears to have given offence by voting for the Distribution Bill.

Developements at Washington.—Those who have looked forward to the termination of the recent Presidential contest as the commencement of a new era of universal harmony and concord, such as signalized the Administration of James Monroe, are destined to experience a sad disappointment. There is no tranquillization, no truce, not even a cessation of hostilities. The contest between the parties involved the fate of important measures and principles, over which the issue of the Presidential campaign had no controlling influence; and these must still remain the themes of ardent discussion and of heated political strife. Besides, the rival parties differ widely with respect to the issue of the late contest. The victors are fully aware of the extent and magnitude of their triumph; the vanquished do not consider themselves fairly beaten—certainly not discomfited. They stoutly maintain that the positive strength of the country is with them—that a majority of the qualified voters are opposed to Mr. Van Buren's election; and that he obtained the votes of Connecticut, Rhode-Island, Pennsylvania, North-Carolina, and the South-Western States simply because it was so confidently reiterated and widely believed that he *must* be elected—opposition to his pretensions being thus paralyzed by a conviction of its utter futility. They now contend that, the election having demonstrated that at least half the freemen of the Union are opposed to Mr. Van Buren, the opposition to his favorite measures will be strong enough to ensure their modification by the next Congress and to compel the retirement of the new President at the expiration of his first term.

Such is the substance of the party bulletins which reach us from Washington, and it is confirmed by the doings of the two Houses. It is notorious that the idea of a compromising or conciliatory Administration has received no countenance in high places. In the appointment of Committees, the majority give no quarter; the minority ask none. The former are animated by their success in revolutionizing the Senate; the latter profess a confident hope of obtaining the ascendancy in the next House. "Shoulder arms and look on," is the advice of the Express letter-writer to the Whigs of the Union; but there is no carrying of arms on the shoulder at the Metropolis; there they are already crossed in deadly conflict.

The political campaign has commenced even earlier than at any former session in our remembrance. We allude not to the clashing of opinions and of sectional interests upon the ordinary topics of debate and legislation; the adjustment of the tariff, the extent of appropriations, or the management of the public lands. We refer to demonstrations of a thoroughly partisan character—the resuscitation by Mr. Benton of his Expunging Resolutions; the movement by Mr. Ewing for a revocation of the Treasury Specie Order; and the resolution by Mr. Wise looking to a searching investigation of the Executive Departments. All these, be it remembered, had been offered, and two of them seriously debated, before the close of the second week of the session; although neither House usually applies itself to business before the opening of the fifth or sixth.

The resolution of Mr. Wise looks to a more sweeping investigation of the Executive Departments than has been made since that of 1826-7, by the famous Committee on Retrenchment. It was advocated by the mover in a speech of considerable length, marked by the usual characteristics of Mr. Wise's orations. In vehement declamation he has no superior in either of the Houses, nor is his faculty of condensation less remarkable.—We extract several of the concluding paragraphs, as an illustration of the temper and spirit of the Opposition in the House of Representatives:

"Is it true or false, that the various Executive Departments have been conducted with ability and integrity, and that they are in a prosperous condition?—That is the issue. How is it to be tried? Will gentlemen tell me that the President has tried the issue already, and that they are content with his certificate in form? Sir, I began this session as I ended the last session, by asking the opportunity and power, and by claiming the right of an investigation by a committee, an efficient, able, and fair committee, with full powers to eviscerate the truth. The truth is all I desire; I make no accusations, no complaints, except of the denial of investigation.

"If all have been conducted with ability and integrity, the Departments have nothing to fear, and investigation may do great good. If it does not find and expose past fraud and corruption, it may prevent much evil hereafter, by the fear of scrutiny. I do sincerely, from the best of motives, earnestly desire to see the doors of the Treasury Deparment, of the Land Offices, of the Indian Bureau, and other Departments and Offices, thrown open to full and fair investigation.—We can then have the facts of which to judge for ourselves, and on which to make up our own verdict. * * * *

"Tell me not this is the short session. Investigation was refused last winter, when the session was long. I know, sir, this is an inauspicious period, perhaps, to expect gentlemen to look back at the past, or pause a moment on the present. I know that every eye is turned, and every mind of gentlemen is bent upon the FUTURE. 'Coming events, which cast their shadows before,' are much more dazzling to their hopes and fancies, than painful truths of the past or the present are to their memories or their wills. They know, sir, that some of the swarm of '*Conservatives*' which are now fat and full of the blood of the Treasury, must be driven off for some of the lank and hungry 'loco foco' flies, who are voraciously eager to light upon this body politic of ours. All things may not become new, but there must be some changes; and for every change there will be a chance for some impatient expectant. I know that Gen. Jackson has been made to say in his 'last annual message'—'He that cometh after me is mightier than I;' but he has not been made to add—'Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor.' Sir, lest he may not purge his floor, I wish it to be swept clean for him, before he comes in, so that Jackson may not be blamed after he is gone.

"Certain it is, I cannot anticipate: time must develope the course and policy of the coming Administration.—And let no one accuse me of commencing an attack upon it in advance. No, sir; so far from it, though I hold Mr. Van Buren responsible for most mischief that *has* been done, and most that is *now* doing; though he has been the *caucus* candidate for the Presidency, and was the nominated successor; though he is elected by Executive patronage, corruption and dictation; though he succeeds at the expense of the elective franchise; though he is a minority President, and has promised to follow generally in the footsteps of this Kitchen Cabinet Administration; yet, if he bravely dares to falsify that promise, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," if he will kick away the base ladders by which he has climbed to the height of his ambition; if he will now leave Falstaff where he found him, and array around him the wisdom, intelligence, and virtue of the country, and base his Administration on a sound, elevated, and enlightened policy, free from corruption, and purely patriotic, uncontaminated by party, I will pledge my humble support to *his measures*, though I never can support the *man*, or pardon the past examples he has set. And why cannot I support the man whilst I approve his measures? For the very reason that he has not "*entered in at the strait gate.*" I shall always eschew the example which has been set in 1836, as I did that of 1825, in the election of President of these United States. The one example has been rebuked with a vengeance—the other will not be forgiven by me.

Sir, in this contest one great battle only has been fought between power and the people. The result is known. The conflict was not decisive, and *must*, as long as there is an honest heart to hope for freedom—*shall* go on, until constitutional liberty, law, the independence of the people, and their representatives, honesty, truth and justice are

triumphant, or all are fettered in a despot's chains! Defeated, but not conquered; checked by the Prætorian bands of patronage, but not arrested in our *onward* march, the patriot army is not discouraged or dismayed; smitten, but not struck down, the flag of our country is still flying! Defeat may drive some, the craven or the cormorant of spoils, from that standard of the true and the brave, but to the firm and proud spirits of the patriot band I would say, 'Who shall separate us from the love of country?' Shall defeat? Another such defeat will be a glorious victory! In this 'we are more than conquerors,' for I am persuaded that neither office, nor bribe, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of our country, its laws and its liberties! God only knows in whose name this victory shall be achieved; it matters not; but this I know, be he who he may, his cause will be consecrated by the toils, the prayers, the sacrifices, and the hopes of the unsubdued and unterrified freeman. No, sir; let no man despair of the Republic. The fight is not yet ended. The people are not yet vanquished. Their hosts are withdrawn only for the moment to recruit their forces, and to repair their broken weapons. The weapons of our warfare are the weapons of *truth*. It shall be my duty to assist in pointing anew its spears and its lances."

National Calamity!—Destruction of the General Post Office and Patent Office by Fire!—At three o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, the large public building situated near the centre of Washington city, and occupied below as the U. S. General Post Office and the Washington City Post Office, and above as the General Patent Office and depository of models of Inventions, &c. &c. was discovered to be on fire. Nothing was then discoverable but smoke, which issued in volumes from the basement; the clerks had been at work in the Post Office till half past two; the flames did not burst from the building for perhaps an hour afterwards; and yet, to the disgrace of the Metropolis or of the functionaries having control of the building, it was suffered to burn to the ground, with *all* the contents of the Patent Office, all those of the Washington City Office, and a great portion of those of the General Post Office, including the great Northern Mail which had arrived two hours before. The loss, public and private, is enormous, and the great mails are doubtless disorganized for a month to come.

We consider this the most disgraceful conflagration that ever occurred this side of Constantinople. That it was the work of an incendiary is not doubted: but where were the citizens, the firemen, and above all, the public officers and clerks who are employed in that building? It is said that no water could be procured. A great oversight, certainly, to leave a highly important National office so unprotected; but could that prevent the saving of the invaluable property so easily removed? Three quarters of an hour after the alarm was given, a small engine reached the ground and threatened to play on the building; but the spectators appeared to be very well amused as it was, and the engine, which had now been reinforced by another, turned its attention to other matters.

We hope Congress will insist on a real and thorough investigation of this brilliant affair. If the public property cannot be better guarded at Washington, let it be removed to Baltimore, where it would be properly taken care of.

PENNSYLVANIA.—As we announced in our last, Hon James Buchanan of Lancaster, was on Wednesday of last week reflected to the U. S Senate for six years ensuing. The vote in Legislative joint ballot stood as follows:

For James Buchanan, (V. B.)		85
" Isaac Leet,	do.	1
" Thomas T. M. M'Kennan, (Anti-Mason,)		24
" Charles B. Penrose, ('State Rights')		21
" T. S. Cunningham,	do.	1—47
Majority for Buchanan		38

Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg, whose claims had been urged, publicly declined being a candidate; Mr. Leet of the State Senate also declined. The vote for Gen. Cunningham was cast by Mr. Penrose.

Hon. Wm. C. Rives, it is intimated in the last Charlottesville Republican, will not take office under the new Administration. This seems to confirm the report of a difference between Mr. R. and the Postmaster General.

Col. James Liddell of Jackson, is the 'Union' candidate for Congress, vice Hon. Geo. B. Townes, instead of Col. Barton Hepburn as stated in our last.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, December 5, 1836.

To the President of the United States:

SIR:—In his report of last year, the undersigned stated the post-roads of the United States to be about 112,774 miles in extent, and the annual transportation of the mails upon them equal to about 25,869,436 miles.

On the first July last, the post-roads were about 118,164 miles in extent, and the annual transportation of the mails was at the rate of 27,578,620 miles, viz:

On horses and in sulkies	8,291,504
In stages	17,408,820
In steamboats and railroad cars	1,878,296

Within the quarter ending 30th September last, improvements were ordered on old mail routes, increasing the rate of annual transportation 375,824 miles, 306,592 miles of which was in stages. Of the routes established at the last session of Congress, 912 miles have been put under contract, adding 140,000 miles of annual transportation.

An express mail has been started within the last month, from Philadelphia to Mobile, a distance of 1,230 miles, adding to the rate of annual transportation 895,440 miles. The rate of annual transportation at this time is little short of 29,000,000 miles.

Of the new routes, 30,557 miles remain to be put in operation, which will add to the annual service 3,487,788 miles.

The accompanying report of the First Assistant Postmaster General, marked 1, will give this information more in detail.

The number of Post-Offices in the United States on the 1st July, 1835, was 10,770; on the 1st July, 1836, it was 11,091; and on the 1st instant, 11,100.

During the year ending the 30th June last, 666 post-offices were established, 345 discontinued, and there were 1,844 changes of postmasters.

The number of post-offices will be greatly increased the coming year, in consequence of the great extension of mail routes.

The accruing revenue of the department for the year ending the 30th of June last, according to statements from the Auditor's office was as follows, viz:

Letter postages	$3,010,249 43
Newspapers and pamphlets	376,217 13
Fines	3,054 68
Estimated for deficient returns	8,934 00
Total	$3 396,455 19

The engagement and liabilities of the department for the same year, were as follows, viz.:

Transportation of the mails	$1,638,054 76
Compensation of postmasters	812,502 67
Ship, steamboat, and way letters	26,470 76
Wrapping paper	15,013 82
Office furniture	3,503 35
Advertising	22,596 43
Mail bags	24,537 41
Blanks	27,029 00
Mails locks and keys, and stamps	5,877 07
Mail depredations, and special agents	5,113 12
Clerks for offices	122,933 35
Miscellaneous	31,389 93
Estimated for claims not presented	20,000 00
Total	$2,755,623 76
Excess of revenue over engagements and liabilities	$642,831 43

In the report of last year the excess was estimated at $475,227 00: but the revenue was $105,763 19 more than the estimate, and the expenditure $60,841 24 less, which accounts for the difference.

The revenue of the last exceeds that of the preceding year $404,878 53, equal to thirteen and a half per cent. increase.

The general condition of the department on the 1st of July last, is shown by statements from the Auditor's Office to have been as follows, viz.:

Due to the Department prior to 1st July, 1835	$602,482 40
Deduct for bad and doubtful debts	131,327 36
	471,155 04
Due to the Department for the year ending 30th June, 1836	590,111 51
Cash in bank 1st July, 1836	192,005 46
Due from the Treasury for extra clerkhire	22,419 81
Estimated for deficient returns	8,934 00
Total available means	$1,284,625 82
Due from the Department accruing prior to 1st July, 1835	$76,542 93
Accruing within the year ending 30th June last	546,240 88
Estimate of claims not presented, say	20,000 00
	$642,783 81
Balance in favor of Department	$641,842 01

The suspended claims, a part of which has been paid, are not included in these statements.

Of the old debts there was paid out of the revenue of the year ending 30th June last, the sum of $466,376.

As anticipated in the last report, the Bank debt was paid off in April last. The cash in bank has since rapidly accumulated, and on the 30th November last was $550,000. Deducting outstanding warrants, it was $503,721 11. The sum of $83,278 has been paid to Messrs. Stockton and Stokes on the award of the Solicitor of the Treasury, but notwithstanding this payment, and a great extension of mail service, it is estimated that the cash in bank will exceed $600,000 before the first day of May next.

The accounts of Postmasters are rendered, and the quarterly balances paid by them, with admirable promptitude. There are 1,010 post-offices, yielding about $392,000, after deducting the compensation of postmasters and other charges paid by them, which deposite their net income in bank weekly or monthly during each quarter, or within fifteen days after its close. There are 9,388 offices, yielding a net revenue of about $222,000 quarterly, which are directed to pay their proceeds to contractors immediately after the close of each quarter. The number of offices directed to retain their funds until drawn upon, is 141, yielding about $8,600 quarterly. The balance of the offices are special, and pay directly those who carry the mails to them for the proceeds, except a few new offices, and others, which are not yet arranged under either denomination. From an examination of actual results, the undersigned is warranted in saying that more than ninety-five per cent. of the revenue of this department is collected within thirty days after the close of the quarter in which it accrues, without any expense therefor whatsoever.

By an examination of a portion of the quarterly accounts, it appears that the increase of revenue for the quarter ending 30th September last, over the corresponding quarter of last year, was about sixteen per cent. The ratio will probably be as large during the whole year, especially as the improvements, the express mail, and the new routes, will produce a considerable augmentation. For safety, however, it may be estimated at fifteen per cent. yielding a revenue for the year ending 30th June, 1837, amounting to $3,908,222.

During the year ending 30th June, 1838, the new routes and other improvements in the mail service will doubtless produce a decided effect on the income of the department; and it may be reasonably anticipated that there will be an advance of at least fifteen per cent. over that of the current year. If this anticipation be realized, the revenue of that year at the present rate of postage, will be about $4,494,000, exceeding the estimated current rate of expenditure at its commencement abont $688,000. And it is expected that the department will have a surplus of cash in Bank before the 1st of August next, exceeding $700,000.

In view of these facts and estimates, the undersigned does not hesitate to recommend a revision of the present rates of postage, to take effect on the 1st July next, with a view to a reduction of about 'twenty per cent.' To this end he suggests the following scale of letter postage in lieu of the present, viz.:

75 miles and under	5 cents.
150 miles and over 75	10
300 miles and over 150	15
600 miles and over 300	20
Over 600 miles	25

No better plan than the present suggests itself in relation to charges of double, treble, and quadruple postage, and postage by weight.

From its simplicity, this scale will be easily remembered. It proposes to introduce the federal currency, render copper coins unnecessary in making change, and saves the loss to the people arising from fractions. It will reduce the labor now required in making up and examining postmaster's accounts, about one-fourth.

If the proposed scale of letter postages shall be adopted, it will be necessary to raise the lowest rate of commissions to enable the postmasters at the large offices to carry on their business. The propriety of placing gold coins sent by mail on the same footing as bank notes is suggested.

Great changes have taken place in the newspaper business of the country since the present rates of postage were established. Newspapers have not only increased in number, but many of them have grown to an inordinate size. Postage, however, is the same, whether the newspaper be great or small. If not carried over one hundred miles and out of the State where printed, it is one cent: if out of the State and over 100 miles, it is one and a half cents.

The policy of reducing the rates of postage on newspapers generally, is doubted. They constitute, in weight, probably two-thirds of the mails, are in many parts of the country difficult of transportation, and produce numberless failures. These considerations would be of no moment if it were really necessary that large quantities of newspapers should be transported from one end of the Union to the other, as means of instructing and enlightening the public mind; but that office can be as well performed by the local presses as by newspapers from a distance. To reduce the postage on newspapers below the actual cost of carrying them, would be to tax the correspondence of the country generally for the benefit of the large newspaper establishments in the principal cities, to the injury of all the distant and country presses. Such a measure is not believed to be consistent with sound principle or good policy. It is not sound principle to tax the business of one portion of the people for the benefit of another portion; it is not good policy to aid the large

city establishments in monopolizing the newspaper circulation, to the exclusion of the local and country presses. But there is justice and good policy in graduating the postage on newspapers according to the size and weight of the matter to be conveyed. The following scale of newspaper postages is therefore suggested in lieu of the present, viz.:

Size of Newspapers.	Rates of Postage.	
	Carried not over 200 miles, nor out of the State.	Over 200 miles and out of the State.
550 square inches or under	1-2 cent.	1 cent.
920 sq're inch. & over 550	1 "	1 1-2 "
Over 920 square inches,	1 1-2 "	2 "

If these rates were reduced one half, it would not materially diminish the means of the Department, provided the entire newspaper postage were paid in advance. So great an innovation would probably be inexpedient; but where editors will pay in advance, the postage of their whole impression sent by mail, the Postmaster General might be safely authorized to accept one-half of the foregoing rates.

Single newspapers are now extensively used, through various devices and conventional signs, to answer the purpose of letters, and evade the payment of postage. It would check this abuse if they were in all cases subjected to double postage, to be paid in advance.

The rates of postage on periodical pamphlets may be advantageously regulated upon the same principles as those suggested for newspapers, and reduced to the lowest rate which will pay for their transportation. If a preference be given to any thing, it should be to works on agriculture, science, and the mechanic arts; but the principle is believed to be a good one in relation to the mails, that every thing should pay its own way.

Fugitive pamphlets may with propriety be subjected to double postage, always paid in advance.

The proposed revision of postages, if taken as a whole, would reduce the income of the Department from two to three hundred thousand dollars below its estimated expenditure; but the surplus on hand will sustain it until the regular increase of revenue will cover the difference.

The franking privilege has been so far extended, and is by many so unscrupulously used, as to constitute an abuse which requires correction. Some who possess it do not hesitate to cover the correspondence of their friends and neighbors with their franks, in direct contravention of the law. A willful violation by postmasters, when made known to the department, is punished by instant removal from office; but public officers of high dignity, though more criminal, cannot be reached by the same authority. Violations of law in this respect, by those who are under pre-eminent obligations to set examples of obedience to its precepts, are believed to be diminishing, and there is ground to hope that they will soon measurably cease.

An amendment of the law is necessary in reference to the mode of making contracts with railroad companies. The law prescribing the manner of making mail contracts generally, presupposes the existence of competition in bidding, and is adapted to the existing state of things on all routes where the mails are carried on horseback or in stages. But the reason of the law is not applicable to most cases where railroad service is required, because there is no competition. To advertise for service on such lines is a mockery. Either the department must give what the companies choose to demand, or the compensation must be adjusted by negotiation before advertisement or afterwards. Practically, the power of the Post Master General as to the amount to be paid is unlimited, because he is authorized to accept the lowest offer, however enormous. It is desirable that this power shall be limited by a law, prescribing some fixed basis upon which all such contracts shall be made. None presents itself so equitable as the weight of the mails to be conveyed. An act fixing a reasonable rate per pound for carrying the mail a given distance, would operate as a restriction upon the power of the Postmaster General; whilst it would undoubtedly facilitate the making arrangements with the railroad companies. At present, the views of the department and those of most of the companies differ so widely as to the amount which ought to be paid, as to render hopeless all present prospect of an adjustment.

If the price were limited by law, the companies would expect no more, and the department would not refuse to pay it. To secure the advantages of competition where it exists, the practice of advertising might be continued, and the contracts assigned, as in other cases, to the lowest bidder. A few of the railroad companies have exhibited a disposition to carry the mail at prices deemed reasonable. The most important of these is the Camden and Amboy company. The managers of that road, justly considering their interests as best secured by accommodating the public and the Government on liberal terms, have undertaken to convey the mails in a manner, and at a price which are highly satisfactory. The Petersburg and Roanoke company have evinced a like disposition, as have some others.

To render the department measurably independent of the railroads, and accomplish other important results, an express mail has been started on the great mail line between New York and New Orleans. From New York to Philadelphia, and from Mobile to New Orleans, it is merged in the great mail carried in railroad cars and steamboats. The great mail is twelve days and seventeen hours, according to contract, in going from New York to Mobile, and twelve days twelve hours returning. The express mail is five days seventeen hours going from New York to Mobile, and five days twenty-three hours returning. One day is occupied in transporting the mails between Mobile and New Orleans.

The success of this experiment is not doubted; and the size of the mail already affords an assurance that it will produce an income more than sufficient to support it.

This mail leaves far behind all news conveyed on railroads or by any other means.

It will give unprecedented activity to commercial transactions between the north and the south; New York communicates with New Orleans in half the usual time; all enterprises are expedited; the whole intervening country and the Valley of the Mississippi will feel the impulse.

The editors and the people of New Orleans will receive the news from New York in less than half the time it has heretofore occupied in the transit. The editors will have the advantage of being the original dispensers of the news to their subscribers; and the people will obtain it through their own papers, without postage, five or six days sooner than it can reach them in the New York papers, with postage. The editors and the people along the whole route, and to the right and left, will participate in the same advantages in a greater or less degree. On the other hand the circulation in the south of newspapers from the principal cities of the north will undoubtedly be diminished.

This injury is more than counter balanced by the benefits secured to the local establishments; and if they were not, it is not to be brought into competition with the advantages of an earlier transmission and dissemination of commercial and other intelligence.

No measure should be taken with a view to injure the great city establishments; but it would be unreasonable and unjust in the Department to withhold information from the people of the south, because it cannot carry, with equal expedition, the cumbrous sheets from the northern newspaper presses. It is, and doubtless will continue to be, the policy of the department not to send the news with *less* expedition; but to bring the whole mail to the speed of the express as fast as it can secure continous railroad or steamboat transportation.

The undersigned confidently believes it will be found expedient, within the coming year, to start express mails from Washington city along the route of the national road to St. Louis, from New Orleans, through Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati, to connect above with the great eastern and western route; and from Boston, through Albany, to Buffalo, New York.

Such mails on these routes he believes, would immediately support themselves, and give an activity to business and correspondence in every direction, which would much enhance the general revenues of the department, and promote public intelligence, and prosperity. But should experience or reflection lead to the conviction that these enterprises will not produce an increase of revenue sufficient to support them, they will not be undertaken.

The attention of the undersigned has been urgently called by the deputy postmaster general of the British North America provinces to the insecurity of correspondence carried on through the packet ships between Canada and the United States on the one side, and the British isles on the other. Valuable letters and packets sent from Canada through the port of New York, and from various parts of the United States, never reach their destination. The only effectual remedy which suggests itself is a regular mail across the ocean, and a direct connection between the post offices of the two countries.—By a reciprocal arrangement, mails might be interchanged between the post offices in New York and Liverpool, or any other foreign port, to be conveyed by the packet, or other vessels, under contract. The number of letters now crossing the ocean is so great, that a moderate postage on them, would pay the cost of their transportation. There is scarcely a doubt that such an arrangement may be effected, if Congress shall think it expedient to grant the necessary power.

The object of authorising printers' exchange papers to pass in the mails free of postage, would be further promoted by extending the privilege to exchanges with printers in foreign provinces bordering on the United States, and will be the more useful if the proposed interchange of mails with post offices in Europe shall be authorised.

The building in which the General Post Office is kept is not a fire-proof, and its valuable books and papers are daily exposed to destruction. With such ample means as the Government now has at command, the undersigned perceives no good reason why the greatest possible security should not be given to its archives. The other Executive departments suffer inconvenience from the distance of the General and City Post Office; and since the passage of the law which connects the Post Office with the Treasury, and makes frequent references to the President necessary, that inconvenience is seriously felt by the department itself.

Annexed will be found an outline of the organization of the department under the late act of Congress, marked 2.

The Contract Office is overwhelmed with the increased business brought upon it by extensions of mail service and the new routes. Its force is found to be inadequate to the performance of its duties; and it requires two additional clerks, one of the first, and the other of the second grade.

The Appointment Office has a sufficient force for the performance of its duties with accuracy and promptitude.

The duties of the Inspection Office are rapidly extending, and its present force will not long be equal to their performance. Its chief object is a rigid supervision over the rendition of postmasters' accounts, and the performance of contractors. Conducted with system and energy, it will soon be felt on our thousands of mail routes, whenever a delinquency occurs. Most of the contractors perform their service with great fidelity and precision; but there are a few, some of them on important routes, who evade their contract obligations whenever they have a temptation to do so, relying for impunity on their adroitness in making excuses, and the indulgence of the department. They will find it their interest to fulfil their engagements, or quit the service. In some parts of the country where complaints of irregular mails are loudest, the fault is not in the department, nor the contractors, but in the roads. The department is obliged to use such roads as it finds, and it is unreasonable in the people to expect regular mails unless they will make good roads.

My three assistants are assiduous in their duties, often by night as well as day; and in relation to their compensation, deserve the favorable consideration of Congress.

The Auditor's Office is proceeding with vigor to accomplish the objects of its creation. The disbursement of the Post Office funds through the Treasury, formerly deemed impracticable, is effected with the utmost facility. Post Office warrants are reduced to the size of ordinary bank checks, and, with the check of the Treasurer endorsed, are remitted with the same ease, and answer the same purpose. Without the inconvenience of specific appropriations, the accounts of the department are more specific, more easily understood, and more readily examined, than those of any other department of the Government. It is the desire of the undersigned, which the Auditor has shown every disposition to promote, to render them intelligible to any one who may examine the books.

Difficulty has in some cases been experienced in renewing, for six months, the mail contracts which will expire on the 31st instant, under the authority vested in the Postmaster General, by resolution, at the last session of Congress. The object of the resolution was to facilitate a change in the commencement of the contract year. To promote the same object and avoid a like difficulty in relation to the remaining contracts, power is asked to let them in the usual mode for four years and a half, which will lead to the same result.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

AMOS KENDALL.

The Vice Presidency.—The Indiana Electors have voted for Francis Granger for Vice President. This renders it certain that there is no election of Vice President by the Colleges, and that the Senate must decide between Messrs. Johnson and Granger.

The Surplus Revenue.—Exertions are making in Congress and some of the Legislatures to so alter the Surplus Revenue Act as to release the States from their liability to repay the distributed money to the General Government.—Better wait till they get it.

Gen. Harrison has been nominated for the next Presidency at a meeting in Somerset Co. Pa. and by a great number of the Anti-Van Buren journals of that and other States.

Hon. Thomas H. Benton is about to take up his permanent residence in Virginia, and will probably vacate his seat in the Senate at the close of the present session. Mrs. Rumor asserts that he and Hon. Wm. C. Rives are competitors for the favor of the dominant party for the succession to the Presidency.

Hon. John M. Clayton, the distinguished Senator from Delaware, late Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, has resigned his seat, on account of severe illness. His successor will be chosen at the meeting of the Legislature in January.

A Special Election was held in this city on Wednesday and Thursday for a single Member of Assembly—the Board of Canvassers of the General Election having declared a tie between Messrs. Purdy (V.B.) and Patterson (Whig.) MORRIS FRANKLIN, the Whig candidate, was elected by about 1,000 majority over E. F. Purdy, (V.B.) About 20,000 votes were polled.

NEW-YORK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Excerpts from my Common-place Book" will appear.

"The Recluse" we are forced to decline, by its exceeding length rather than its destitution of merit. The writer must school himself to say as much in one page as he now does in three before he can hope for popularity. His MS. is not otherwise faulty.

"Ellen" is informed that the tale she has transmitted us is also quite too long for our columns. We prefer that our correspondents should never exceed two columns in a single essay of whatever character.

"Shreds and Patches" certainly in our next.

A letter from Noah Webster on erroneous derivations is crowded out this week, but will appear in our next.

"Southern Pinewoods" will grace the columns of our next.

"The Passover" is very incorrectly measured. We retain it for a third reading.

"The Pleasures of Home" (L. H. P.) might have been a creditable poem, but is spoiled by entire want of harmony in its structure. If the author will rewrite it, after studying the rules of versification, we shall be happy to insert it.

"The Knights of the Rueful Visage" is under consideration. It will probably appear.

"The Maiden's Lament" is inconceivably stupid. We have more regard for the writer's reputation than he himself appears to have, and entreat him to burn his MS. with all possible expedition.

"Letters to Young Ladies; by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney."—We perceive with high satisfaction that a third edition of this admirable work has been demanded—a just tribute to the gifted authoress, and a welcome proof that the literary tastes of the age are not wholly perverted. We trust these Letters may become literally an Annual of themselves. To those who have not yet perused them we may remark that the Letters are sixteen in number, on the following subjects: Value of Time; Religion; Knowledge; Industry; Domestic Employments; Health and Dress; Manners and Accomplishments; Sisterly Virtues; Books; Friendship; Cheerfulness; Conversation; Benevolence; Self-Control; Utility; Motives to Perseverance. We adduce one example of the just thought and poetic diction which characterize the work, from the preliminary Address to the Guardians of Female Education:

"It is in the domestic sphere, in her own native province, that woman is inevitably a teacher. There she modifies by her example, her dependants, her companions, every dweller under her own roof. Is not the infant in its cradle, her pupil? Does not her smile give the earliest lesson to its soul? Is not her prayer the first messenger for it in the court of Heaven? Does she not enshrine her own image in the sanctuary of the young child's mind, so firmly that no revulsion can displace, no idolatry supplant it? Does she not guide the daughter, until placing her hand in that of her husband, she reaches that pedestal, from whence, in her turn, she imparts to others, the stamp and coloring which she has herself received? Might she not, even upon her sons, engrave what they shall take unchanged through all the temptations of time, to the bar of the last judgement? Does not the influence of woman rest upon every member of her household, like the dew upon the tender herb, or the sunbeam silently educating the young flower? or as the shower, and the sleepless stream, cheer and invigorate the proudest tree of the forest?" (Harpers.)

Johnston's Scraps, No. 7—Illustrations of Phrenology.—Laughter is prescribed by many apostles of Health as a powerful specific, not only in cases of Hypochondria, Spleen, Low Spirits, and the like; but also, if we mistake not, as an antidote to the more purely physical diseases of Dyspepsia, Jaundice, etc. If so, we are ready to maintain that Johnston's Scraps for 1837 are worth any waggon-load of pills or potions in most cases of mental or bodily affliction. Macbeth's staggering question—

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?" etc.

is here triumphantly answered. His case, though an obstinate one, must have yielded to the prescription of Dr. Johnston.

The Phrenological Developements in this work are admirable.—Every organ or bump is appropriately illustrated both by engraving and letter-press. 'Adhesiveness' exhibits two topers barely holding themselves up by each other; 'Secretiveness' a hopeful member of a Temperance Society turning liquor from an oil-can in his private closet; 'Imitation' shows a thrifty baboon side by side with a whiskered dandy whose face has run to grass—a very bad imitation of the baboon; 'Conscientiousness' is shown by a jury divided six to six, tossing up a copper for guilty or not guilty, &c. &c.—Those who would know more, will be accommodated by sending a $5 for five copies to D. C. Johnston, 6 Summer-st. Boston.

"First Lessons in Natural Philosophy."—Belknap & Hamersley, Hartford, have published "First Lessons about Natural Philosophy, for Children, Part II. by Miss Mary A. Swift, Principal of the Litchfield Female Seminary." We consider it excellently calculated both to provoke and satisfy the inquiries of ingenuous youth for explanations of the various natural phenomena constantly presented to their observation. The language is simple and clear; the illustrations are pertinent and attractive; and the elucidation of solids and fluids, elasticity, motion, gravitation, winds, rain, sound, heat, light, &c. &c. is admirable. (Lockwood.)

Republication of Reviews.—Mr. Foster's reprint of the London Quarterly for September was issued last week. It is a number of varied interest.—Only two articles given over to Tory politics. The subjects treated of are—Expeditions on the Amazon; The Fall of Heathenism; Tales of the Woods and Fields; Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations; Schloss Haisfield, by Basil Hall; Tocqueville on American Democracy; The Mountain Dessaseron; Outlines of Phrenology; Dr. Keith's Evidences of Prophecy; Lectures on Clinical Medicine; Glances at Life in the City and Suburbs; The Last Session of Parliament. The Quarterly is conducted with acknowledged ability, and has the largest circulation, we believe, or any periodical of the class in the world.

The Ladies' Companion.—Mr. Snowden has embellished the last number of his work with a very creditable engraving—'View of Lake oLadga.'

The Fairy Book.—The Harpers have issued a beautiful holiday present for children thus entitled, illustrated with most excellent wood cuts by J. A. Adams. We detest a tolerable wood cut; but these are really worthy any one's attention as specimens of the art.—The tales are twenty-seven in number, embracing such old favorites as Cinderella, Bluebeard, Little Red Riding Hood, The Children in the Wood, &c. with twelve translated expressly for this work. Their execution is creditable to American typography.

Juvenile Holiday Books.—Mahlon Day, 374 Pearl-st. has just published "The Natural History of the Seasons, or Youth's Year Book," "Poems for Children," and "Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe." Each is clever in its way; all are neatly and tastefully got up, and are worthy the attention of children, or those who would minister to their combined instruction and gratification.

"The Plainfield Union," a weekly literary and miscellaneous journal (non-political) will be issued forthwith from the village of Plainfield, N. J. by J. Overacre, whom we take pleasure in recommending to our New-Jersey friends as a gentleman of worth and capacity for his undertaking.

City Councils.—Egbert Benson (Whig) Alderman of the Third Ward, has been elected President of the Board, vice Alderman Varian, resigned. The vote stood—Benson 7, R. R. Ward 6.

Thomas Bolton, Esq. (Whig) of the First Ward, has been elected Clerk of the Board, vice Gen. Morton, deceased.

The appropriate committees have reported in favor of an Assize of Bread, and of allowing the Harlaem Railroad Company to lay their rails as far down the Bowery as Walker-street, Right!

Foreign News—expected.—We have had no arrivals from France or England for weeks, and our latest dates come down but to the 25th and 26th of October. The prevalence of westerly and north-westerly winds is doubtless the cause of this detention. There remain but two or three of the regular packets in our harbor—all the rest having been despatched on their return voyage at their regular sailing days. The merchants, the dailies, and all those awaiting letters from Europe, grow impatient. We, however, have found such a demand on our columns by Messages, Reports, Presidential Votes, and notices of the meeting of Legislatures, that we have not participated in the general anxiety. But literary selections are at last beginning to run dry with us, and we hope for the arrival of the British Magazines for November in season for our next.

P. S. Friday, 12 o'clock.—Since the above was in type, we learn that the packet Sheffield, Capt. Allen, has arrived this morning from Liverpool, having sailed on the 11th ult. She brings intelligence of an insurrection in one of the petty German States, headed by Louis Bonaparte, a nephew of Napoleon, which was speedily suppressed and the chief with his followers taken prisoners. We have no room at this late hour for particulars.

Substantial Present.—A splendid service of Silver Plate, worth $5,000, was recently presented to Morris Robinson, late Cashier of the U. S. Branch Bank, by the merchants of this city. The presentation was made by Daniel Jackson, Esq. a distinguished political opponent of the Bank.

Operations in Florida.—We have sundry accounts from our forces in Florida; but they are not worth republishing. Gov. Call was sick and about to resign his Chief Magistracy. His forces are in the neighborhood of the Withlacoochee. Gen. Jesup recently passed through Volusia from Tampa Bay, in pursuit of the enemy, and captured 42 fugitive negroes. [We believe he had not yet learned that the President had appointed him to the chief command over Gov. Call.]

The loss of the Indians in the several actions in the Wahoo Swamp, is estimated at 100, and that of the Whites, 25 killed, and 50 wounded.

Washington Rumors.—The letter-writers state that Mr. Wise's searching resolution has reached the ear of the President, (who still lies dangerously ill,) and that he insists that the investigation demanded *shall* take place, without hindrance or restriction. If so, we may presume the matter is settled.

Erastus Corning, Esq. (V.B.) was on Monday evening re-elected Mayor of Albany. The Whig Members of the Common Council voted for Teunis Van Vechten, Esq.

Lyman Rathbun, the reputed coadjutor or accomplice of Benj. Rathbun in the great forgeries, has fled from Buffalo, via Pittsburgh, and doubtless gone to Texas. (He cannot hope to rise as high as Secretary of the Treasury in that inviting country before two or three years.) Rathbun Allen had previously made himself scarce. Benj. Rathbun is now in close jail; but it is not supposed that he can now be convicted.

Philip Thompson, a distinguished lawyer of Kentucky, was recently butchered in coming out of the Court House at Owingsburg, by a carpenter named Jeffords, whose testimony he had impeached in his argument on a pending trial. The murderer is in custody.

Steamboat Disasters.—The Petersburgh Advocate of the 14th inst. says:—"Accidents upon the Western waters thicken upon us. By last evening's Western mail, we learn that the steamboats Commerce, Cawhaba, and John Hancock, have either been sunk or torn to pieces by accident or carelessness—and in one of them the loss of a life, and several wounded. Cargoes generally destroyed."

Fire in Newark.—A fire broke out in Newark on Friday afternoon of last week, which threatened a most serious conflagration. A message from the Mayor was immediately sent to this city, and our engines were promptly on the way, but meanwhile the fire was got under. The buildings destroyed were Andrew Rankin's hat manufactory and two or three dwelling-houses adjacent.

The Oneida Bank has gone into operation, notwithstanding the robbery of its vaults. Kellogg Hurlbut, Esq. the Cashier, has resigned, and a Mr. Livingston been substituted.

The Trial of the Whites, on a charge of burning the Treasury Buildings at Washington, commenced on Monday and was still progressing at our latest advices.

Hon. Samuel W. Mardis, formerly Member of Congress, died recently at his residence, Talladega, Alabama.

Notices of Application to the next Legislature.—To reduce the capital of the Fifth Ward Insurance Company to two hundred thousand dollars; and that the persons named in the petition for the said act to be appointed Commissioners, be inserted in the place of the Commissioners named in the said act; and that the time to organize and commence the transaction of business be extended one year from the time limited by law.

For a Bank with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars, to be located in the city of Utica, and to be called the Mechanics and Farmers' Bank—the stock to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, at the Court House in the city of Utica, under the direction of the Bank Commissioners, and in lots not exceeding ten shares—the profits, if any, arising from the sale of such stock, to be expended in the establishment of a Female Seminary, to be located in Utica.

For a Bank with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, to be located in the village of Westfield in the county of Chautauque, and to be called the Portage Bank of Westfield.

For a Railroad from the Pennsylvania State line, (connecting with the Warren and Pine Grove Railroad,) by the way of Jamestown, to intersect the New-York and Erie Railroad at some eligible point between the Allegheny river and Lake Erie.

For a Bank to be located in the village of Mayville, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars.

To authorize a new Court House in the county of Richmond, to be located in the village of Richmond, not to exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars, and to authorise the Supervisors of the said county to sell the public buildings therein.

To incorporate a Bank in the village of Skaneateles, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, to be called the Bank of Skaneateles.

For an increase of the capital stock of the Manufacturing Company at Cohoes, to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For a charter for a Bank at Ovid in the county of Seneca, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, to be called the Farmers' Bank of Ovid.

The President, Directors and Company of the Saratoga County Bank intend to apply to the Legislature of the State at the ensuing session, for an act to increase the capital stock thereof to three hundred thousand dollars.

To incorporate an Insurance Company to insure against loss or damage by fire, to be located at Glen Cove in the county of Queens, and to be called the Glen Cove Insurance Company, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars.

To increase the capital stock of the Yates County Bank to four hundred thousand dollars.

Congress.—We do not cumber our columns with Congressional details this week, as little has been accomplished in either House. In the Senate, Mr. Ewing's joint resolution rescinding the Treasury Order requiring specie payments for Public Lands, has been discussed at length by Messrs. Ewing, Crittenden and Webster in favor, and Mr. Benton against it. No vote yet.

In the House, the resolution of Mr. Wise is not yet disposed of. (The vote in its favor was taken in Committee of the Whole.) Mr. D. J. Pearce of R. I. is its leading opponent. A resolution has been adopted directing a searching inquiry into the management and general condition of the Military Academy at West Point, by a Committee of Nine with ample powers. The Committee consists of Messrs. Hawes of Ky. Hannegan of Ind. Lewis of Ala. Pierce of N. H. Briggs of Mass. Smith of Me. Brown of N. Y. Jones of Va. and Campbell of S. C.—We remark nothing else of moment.

INDIANA.—The Legislature of this State convened at Indianapolis on Monday the 5th inst. Lieut. Gov. Wallace took the Chair of the Senate. Hon. Caleb B. Smith was elected Speaker of the House. We believe all the officers chosen by both branches are Whigs. Samuel Bigger, Esq. was on Wednesday elected President Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit and Elisha M. Huntington, Esq. of the Seventh.

We cannot yet publish the official returns of the Presidential Election. Harrison's majority is 8,803—every Congressional District being in his favor, although six of the seven are now represented by friends of Van Buren.

Hon. William W. Wick and William Herod, Esq. are candidates for the Congressional vacancy created by the death of Hon. Geo. L. Kinnard.

On Thursday, Oliver H. Smith, Esq. was elected a Senator of the United States, in lieu of Hon. William Hendricks, whose term expires on the 4th of March next. There were nine jointballots, as follows:

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
O. H. Smith	35	41	35	34	38	44	57	73	79
Noah Noble	50	49	55	60	65	58	59	64	63
Wm. Hendricks	31	41	47	50	40	37	25	6	1
Ratliff Boon	22	12	7	1	0	0	0	0	0
Scattering	8	3	2	2	3	6	5	3	2

Gov. Noble is a strong Harrison man; Mr. Hendricks, after years of 'betweenity,' recently declared for Van Buren; Mr. Boon is an entire Jackson and Van Buren man; but the successful candidate appears to be claimed in various directions. We have known him heretofore as a National Republican, or supporter of Adams and Clay,—and he is stoutly claimed by the Western Whig journals. The Globe, however, puts in for share of him; and it appears that he received the Van Buren vote on the two last ballots. As Indiana politicians, and especially Indiana Senators, are rather slippery, we shall patiently await further developements.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Col. Pierce M. Butler was on the 12th inst, elected Governor of the Nullifying State in lieu of Hon. Geo. M'Duffie, who peremptorily retires from public life. Vote: Butler 138, scattering 19. Col. Wm. Dubose was likewise elected Lieut.: Dubose 145, scattering 12. Scarcely any vestige of party division now exists in this state.

Hon. Wm. C. Preston was on the 5th reëlected to the U. S. Senate from Carolina, for six years ensuing, with scarcely a shadow of opposition.

MISSOURI.—Hon. Lewis F. Linn has been reëlected to the seat he now holds in the Senate of the United States, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Rare News.—The Albany Advertiser intimates that an attempt will be made to contest the election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency, on the ground that it is vitiated by the choice of a number of United States functionaries—Postmasters and others—to the Electoral Colleges. It is said that there are some half-dozen such in the College of this State, while the Constitution expressly provides that "no Senator or Member of Congress, or person holding an office of trust or profit" under the General Government, shall be chosen an Elector.—We suspect the matter will end in smoke.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

Late advices from New Orleans furnish intelligence of interest from our South Western neighbors. It appears that a Mexican army, of 8,000 strong, is now on its march for Texas, and report says that it has already reached and taken possession of Antonia de Bexar. It is commanded by Gen. Bravo, the head of the party now in power in Mexico, which is inimical to Santa Ana. The Texian Government has issued General Orders, requiring every man to procure a rifle with one hundred rounds of ammunition, and hold himself in readiness for further orders.

At this crisis, the Texian Government have done what they might have with a better grace six months ago. They have released Santa Ana, on the condition that he will procure the acknowledgement of their independence by Mexico. He comes on to Washington forthwith, to induce Gen. Jackson to stand his security for the faithful fulfilment of his obligations. He was released on the 26th.

FROM MEXICO.—By the brig David H. Miller, 10 days from Tampico, we have received newspapers of late date from that place, and have perused several commercial letters, which describe the political situation of the Mexican States.

The expedition against Texas appears to have commenced its march, and was proceeding towards Matamoras, whence it will bend its course towards the seat of war.

If we are permitted to confide in letters from the city of Mexico, of November 2, an army of 4,000 men will leave that capital under the orders of General Bravo.—It will halt at San Louis Potosi, where it will be joined by 3,000 troops, and then repair immediately to its place of destination.

Other letters from Tampico of the 1st December assert that the army will be 8,000 strong, that it was recruiting in every state, and that when its organization shall be completed, it will march against Texas by way of Matamoras. The same letters inform us that they were fortifying Tampico, and were taking other measures of defence against an invasion from the sea side. The Mexicans appear to have been induced to take these precautions by rumors that an expedition was about to sail from New Orleans under General Mexia with a view to land at Tampico and organize a revolutionary movement against the government.

WAR DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA, Nov. 30, 1836.
GENERAL ORDERS.

It has been reported to the President, by General Felix Houston, commanding the army of Texas, that the Mexicans are engaged in active and formidable preparations for the immediate invasion of Texas. It is stated that Gen. Bravo, left Mexico fifty days since, in command of the army of operations, for the destruction of the Texians. Such information is calculated to awaken the apprehensions of those who have once suffered from a people who are alike insensible to the national as well as the human obligations of society.

I am directed by President Samuel Houston, to order, that every able-bodied man subject to military service, shall provide himself with a good rifle or gun, for service, and one hundred rounds of ammunition, with a good horse if he can be procured. This state of preparation is announced, that every Texian may be prepared to rally to the standard of his country at a moment's warning. I am directed to say, that no call will be made upon the force of the country until the necessity is urgent and absolute.

We must be prepared to meet the enemy. We know they are implacable in their resentments, and irreconcilable in their hatred towards us. We must be prepared to meet them, and to act in future upon their own principles of warfare.

The immediate organization of the militia of the country is ordered: and each company is to consist of fifty-six men, rank and file, with one captain, one first and one second lieutenant.

All those who have an interest in the country are required to remain in readiness to defend with blood and their lives, if demanded by necessity.

By order of the President,
WM. G. COOKE, Acting Secretary of War.

FROM TEXAS.—We are indebted to the Editor of the National Enquirer for a translation of the proclamation of Gen. Bravo, General-in-Chief of the Mexican Army on its march from Texas, dated San Luis Potosi, Nov 9th, which was received in Philadelphia by Express.—By this document it appears that the Mexicans are at length advancing with rapidity upon Texas. They will doubtless meet the same warm reception as they have heretofore from the Texians.

PROCLAMATION OF GEN. BRAVO.

The General-in-Chief of the Army of the North to the forces under his command:

SOLDIERS!—You are destined to form an important part of the army that returns to Texas. Since the grand work of our Independence was achieved, our country never called upon its worthy sons in defence of a more sacred cause, nor to sustain a more just war. In that Texas, where there should only be found people friendly to the Mexicans, and grateful for the generous hospitality granted by them, you but meet with hordes of insolent adventurers who, when our usurped lands are claimed from them, answer by raising the savage cry of war. A trifling success, which must be attributed to the contempt with which they were looked upon, and by no means to their own prowess, has filled them with vain glory.

They consider the soldiers of our army as cowards and effeminate, though this same army, during twenty-six years of continual combatting, has never once shunned danger, but has, on the contrary, given strong proofs of sufferings and heroism. But the madness of these adventurers knows no bounds: they have threatened to carry the war as far as the walls of Mexico itself—foolish men that they are! We forgive them this extravagant idea, but shall at the same time undeceive them.—Let them be made acquainted with the true character of the soldiers of the Republic. On, on! and let them understand that to us has been committed the guardianship of the honor of of the nation; to us the vengeance for the outrages she has received; to us, in fine, the charge of making it evident to them, that a magnanimous people is not to be insulted with impunity.

Soldiers! Our comrades are awaiting our arrival on the northern frontier, and are impatient to share with us the renown of our first efforts. Let us proceed to join them without delay; and all united, let us fulfil the sacred duty entrusted to us. It requires but one small effort to secure the integrity of the national territory, and to restore the national character, as well as the inestimable blessing of peace.

Soldiers of the Army of the North! What I expect from you is subordination, discipline, respect for property, firmness in the hour of battle, clemency towards the conquered. The example will be set by your commanders, and victory will follow in your footsteps: of this I, as your commanding general, assure you. He will be found always near you, the first to encounter danger, and when the campaign shall be terminated, he will recommend your services, that they may be recompensed as they deserve, and will then leave to you, exclusively, the merit of having triumphed. NICHOLAS BRAVO.

Camp, in San Luis Potosi, Nov. 9th, 1836.

Rev. Oliver C. Comstock, of Rochester, was on Tuesday elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington. There were lots of candidates. Hon Aaron Vanderpoel had 5 votes on the first ballot, and Mrs. Anne Royall 1. On the third ballot, Mr. Comstock had 103 votes, and all others 100. He may be remembered as the writer of a widely published letter, two years since, certifying to the morality and piety of Col. Richard M. Johnson.

The True Grit.—Laurens County, Georgia, gives 400 votes for White and 1 for Van Buren. The one votes year after year against a whole county of opponents, depositing his vote immediately after breakfast of the day of election, and then challenging every vote offered. This is the true spirit. We would not cast suspicion on such a man's motives by giving him a paltry office; but if the President elect ever travels through Georgia, he must call and dine with his staunch and stout-hearted supporter.

Hon. Joseph Vance, Governor elect of Ohio, was severely burned two or three weeks since, in extinguishing the flames which had caught the clothes of a servant girl. Mrs. Vance was also injured. It was feared that he would not be able to proceed to Columbus to be inaugurated on Monday the 2d proximo.

The Great Military Court of Inquiry is still in session at Fredericktown, Md. It progresses slowly. We feel confident that Gen Scott, at least, will pass through the ordeal unscathed.

Fatal Affray.—A rencontre took place at Versailles, Ky on the 3d inst. between Francis R. Buford, Esq. representative elect from Woodford county to the Kentucky Legislature, and a Mr. Smith, in which the former received a wound in the side, of which he expired in a few minutes. Smith was also wounded, but it was not supposed to be mortal.

First Railroad in Michigan.—The railroad from Adrian, (Mich.) to Toledo (Ohio) is now completed, and the cars have commenced their regular trips between the two places. It is, according to the 'Adrian Watch-Tower,' the shortest and cheapest route for travellers going West—preferable to that of Detroit. The opening of the road was celebrated at Adrian by one hundred guns, a Champagne party, toasts, and other rejoicings.

ANECDOTE OF CARNOT AND NAPOLEON.—Carnot had suffered so many losses that in 1810 he had not only been deprived of his patrimonial estate, but was loaded with debts, so that there was danger that one of the most illustrious names of the French revolution would be tarnished with the reproach of insolvency. In this extremity he had the noble confidence to apply, through the minister of war, to the Emperor himself, who was then at Schœnbrunn. Napoleon answered that it was impossible to find any pretext for a present of money to Carnot, but he told the minister to manage it in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a payment by the government of the arrears of a pension or some balance due on an old account. The minister of war entered into the views of the Emperor, and a sum of nearly twenty thousand dollars was immediately paid, and thus the name of Carnot was rescued from discredit.

When we consider the frank and energetic opposition made by Carnot to the ambitious views of Napoleon, it is not easy to decide which is most to be admired: the generosity and delicacy of the giver of this munificent aid, or the magnanimous reliance on the Emperor's bounty by the supplicant and receiver of it. Sunday News.

ANECDOTE OF BURR.—A volume of anecdotes might be related as evidence of Col. Burr's quickness of perception and tact at reply, when an ill-judged or thoughtless expression was addressed by him to a lady. One is sufficient for illustration.

After his return from Europe in 1812, he met a maiden lady in Broadway somewhat advanced in life. He had not seen her for many years. As she passed him, she exclaimed to a gentleman on whose arm she was resting, "Col. Burr!" Hearing his name mentioned, he suddenly stopped and looked her in the face.

"Colonel," said she, "you do not recollect me."

"I do not, madam," was the reply.

"It is Miss K——, sir."

"What!" said he, "Miss K—— *yet?*"

The lady, somewhat piqued, reiterated, "Yes, sir, Miss K—— *yet!*"

Feeling the delicacy of his situation, and the unfortunate error he had committed, he gently took her hand, and emphatically remarked, "Well, madam, then I venture to assert that *it is not the fault of my sex.*"

STRONG METAPHOR.—Two brothers recently from the old country, via Halifax, were lately walking up the Worcester Railroad, and their curiosity was somewhat astonished by the iron tracks, but soon the cars hove in sight, and the following dialogue took place:

Michael.—Och, brither; d'ye see that quare creachure a-coming?

Patrick.—Troth an' I do. What, in the divil and his grandmother does it mane?

Michael.—Faith, an' it's not me that is to tell ye, but an' ye don t stand out of the way, ye'll ifru quite satisfactorily, I'm thinking. Don't ye min' how hard he brathes—he must have been running right tightly for a long space.—[*The car whizz'd by.*]

Patrick.—Och, Mike, w're completely lost; for by my mother's milk, *it is Hell in harness,* and just the sort of coach I once dreamt the ould divil took the morning ai, in! Boston Post.

THE WOMEN OF SYRIA.—It is impossible (says Lamartine) to paint with the pen the admirable and picturesque groups of richness of costume and beauty that these women form in the country. Every day I see faces of young girls or of women such as Raphael never pictured even in his artist dreams. It is much more than Grecian or Italian beauty: it is purity of lines, delicacy of contour—in a word, all that Rome or Greece have left us of most perfect: and this is rendered still more intoxicating by a primitive innocence and simplicity of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by the celestial light that their blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes, throws over the features, and by an ingenuousness of smile, a harmony of proportion, an animated whiteness of the skin, an indescribable transparency of complexion, a metallic lustre of the hair, a grace of attitude and movement, and a strange musical vibration of the voice, which make of a young Syrian an Houri of Paradise to the eyes. These varied and admirable beauties are also extremely common.

AGE OF THE WORLD.—At the meeting of the British Association, on Friday week, the only fact elicited through the evening, was the declaration of Dr. Buckland, that millions of years must henceforward be assigned to the age of the world, and that the best Hebrew scholars had lately given a new interpretation to the two first chapters of Genesis.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—The House of Representatives of this State passed the bill, on Thursday last, to authorize the receipt of the State's proportion of the surplus revenue by a vote of 204 to 7.

William H. Weston, charged with shooting his wife and wounding her in the left breast, with the intent to take her life, on the 15th September last, in the city of Washington, has been tried and found guilty.

Fatal Steamboat Accident.—On Monday evening as the steamboat Telegraph was lying alongside the wharf at Tarrytown, the engineer directed one of the men to see if the boiler was supplied with water. Seeing the man shortly afterwards who had been ordered to attend to this duty, and supposing the work had been done, he started the engine; after it had performed half a revolution, hearing the shriek of a man below, he instantly stopped the machinery, and went into the hold where he found one of the firemen dreadfully crushed by the crank against the kelson. It was supposed that he had mistaken the order given to the other man, and had gone below to pull out the plug to admit the water, and was in the act of so doing when he was struck by the crank. The name of the sufferer is Akan Alar, aged 22, a native of Nova Scotia. The body was brought to this city, and yesterday morning an inquest was held upon it by Justice Lownds on board the boat. Verdict, accidental death.

Casualty.—Mr. James L. Jefferson, of this place, died suddenly on last Friday afternoon. The coroner's jury found a verdict of death by intemperance. The deceased was a nephew of the late President Jefferson—was intelligent, possessed fine traits of character, and, but for the unfortunate frailty to which he fell a victim, would have been a useful member of society. [Lynchburg Virginian.

Affray at Tampico.—Capt. Driscoll, from Tampico at New-Orleans, reports, that in consequence of an affray between some of the crew of the U. States sloop-of-war Vincennes, and a number of fishermen, the former were seized and imprisoned; and the Governor refused to give them up, when demanded by the Consul. Capt. D. also reported that the Vincennes had sailed without them.

Incendiaries in Mississippi.—Frequent attempts have recently been made to set fire to Jefferson College, Mississippi. A colored man has been committed on suspicion.

Affecting Incident.—A Dr. Shane, of Vicksburg, Miss. died a few weeks ago. His wife watched his dying bed till all was over—then laid down and died of broken heart, thirty-six hours after.

Gallantry.—The Mobile Rifle Company have adopted the daughter of their deceased Lieutenant, and pledged themselves to support and educate her. She is said to be very beautiful.

John W. Crockett, son of the honest-hearted Davy, is proposed as a candidate for Congress in the district formerly represented by his father.

Tierman, Cadyll & Co. of New-Orleans, failed on the 8th instant for one million of dollars!

Married,

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Richard H. Thompson to Miss Elizabeth T. Troisidier.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Mr. Krebs, Mr. Amos Madden to Miss Louisa Casine.

On Wednesday, by Rev. S. H. Cone, Mr. Gilbert Colgate to Miss Ann Eliza Dickerson.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Dr. Brownlee, Mr. John S. Vredenburg to Miss Lydia, daughter of Clarkson Crolius, Esq.

On Wednesday, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. John K. Dunn to Miss Margaret Ann Peterson.

On Wednesday, by the same, Mr. John Olmstead to Mrs. Sarah Willius.

At Union Ellery, Chaut. Co. on the 24th ult. Mr. Ezekiel Parker to Miss Mary W. Winchester.

At Schenectady, on the 15th inst. by Rev. Mr. Sinedar, Mr. Stephen H. Palmer to Miss Mary B. Abbott, both of this city.

Died,

On Saturday, Mrs. Hannah Rushton, aged 69 years.
On Saturday, Mr. John W. King.
On Sunday, Mr. John Wilson Bartine, aged 28 years.
On Monday, Frances, daughter of William Barrows.
On Tuesday, Mr. William Capron, aged 34 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. Simon S. Demarest, aged 29 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. James Cannon, aged 21 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. Peter Rafferty, aged 48 years.
On Wednesday, Harriet T. daughter of Samuel A. and Phebe T. Van Buren, aged 7 months.
On Thursday, Mrs. Catharine, wife of Duncan Thompson.
At Watertown, N. Y. on the 2d inst. Mrs. Sarah Ann, wife of Zebedee Larned, aged about 32 years.

Prices of Country Produce.

Thursday, December 22, 1836.

ASHES—₱ 100 ℔			Corn Yellow....	1	— 1 5
Pots, 1st sort.....	—	— 6 50	Do..White....	1	— —
Pearls.....	6 75	7 —	Do..Southern..	93	— 95
CATTLE—₱ cwt.			Oats.....	60	— —
Steers, Prime....	5 50	6 9 50	Beans, ₱ 7 bush	12	— 14 —
—— Inferior...	4 75	6 —	Hemp, Am ₱ ton	130	— 140 —
Cows, each.. } Calves..do.... }	25	45 —	Hops, first sort ℔	—	9½ — 10
Sheep..do.....	1 50	5 —	PROVISIONS—		
Lambs..do.....	1 25	2 44	Beef..Mess bbl	12 75	13 50
Hay.....₱ cwt	1	— —	Do..Prime....	8 25	8 75
Straw.....100 bdls	5	6 —	Do. Cargo....	5	— —
FLOUR—₱ barrel,			Pork, Mess....	23	— 25 —
Troy.....	9 88	— —	Do..Prime....	17	— 18 —
Western.....	10	10 25	Do..Cargo....	—	— —
Baltimore.....	—	— —	Lard.....₱ ℔	15	— 16
Richmond.....	11	— —	Butter, dairy do	24	— 27
Rye Flour.....	7 25	7 88	Cheese.....	9	— 10
Indian Meal....	4 75	4 88	Hams.....	13	— 16
GRAIN—₱ bushel,			WOOL—₱ ℔		
Wheat, N Riv..	2 6	2 12	Saxony, Fleece.	67	— 70
Do....Genesee	1 90	2 —	Merino,....do..	59	— 65
Do....Virginia	—	— —	Do..Pulled....	55	— 60
Do....N Caro.	1 83	1 95	Common.....	45	— 52
Rye Northern...	1 28	1 31	Pulled, Spinning	54	— 55
			Lambs'.....	—	— —

Steamboat Accident.—The steamboat Warsaw, belonging to Mr. Coffin of Cincinnati, and heavily laden with freight for that city, was snagged on the evening of the 10th inst. on her passage from New-Orleans, not far from Louisville, and sunk. Total loss not ascertained. The boat was insured.

Suicide.—Julius Delleg, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the State Prison for stealing a watch on board the Portland steamboat a short time since, committed suicide on Menday in the Leverett-st. jail, Boston, by cutting his throat with a razor. He was to have been conveyed to the State Prison next day.

John Y. Mason, a Representative in Congress from Virginia, has been elected by a unanimous vote in both branches of the Legislature of that State, to be a Judge of its General Court, vice J. F. May, resigned.

Indian Hostilities in the West.—The Cleveland Advertiser of the 29th ult. states that hostilities are about to commence between the Sioux and Chippewa Indians.

THE NEW-YORKER- QUARTO FORM—NEW SERIES.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Publishers of the New-Yorker commenced in March last, a weekly edition of their publication in quarto form, and made, as they thought, ample provision for supplying as great a number of subscribers as their most flattering hopes led them to believe would patronize the work under its then new arrangement. They have been deceived—agreeably so, in their calculations, inasmuch as the favor shown to the publication rapidly absorbed the whole edition, and constant orders are received for copies, which the Publishers have been unable to supply. With a view to obviate this difficulty, and meet the wishes of the many who desire to patronize the work, the Publishers have resolved to neutralize the blank in the current order of the volume, by changing so far the present arrangement, as to furnish *two volumes in a year,* in lieu of one, as stated in the original prospectus.

On the Twenty-Fourth of September next, therefore, will be issued the first number of a new series of the Quarto New-Yorker, or No. 1 of Vol. II. thus affording to new subscribers an opportunity of beginning with a distinct volume, entirely unconnected with the one preceding, while our original patrons will be advantaged in receiving their copies in a form calculated better for binding in a convenient volume, than under the old arrangement. The distinguishing line between the old and new Series will be indicated at the head of the first page every number; and as no change is contemplated in the size or quality of the work, no inconvenience can result to those who have taken it from the commencement; while, on the other hand, it presents the features of an entirely new publication to those who may date their subscription with the new volume.

Under its improved arrangement, the whole edition for one year will embrace two semi-annual volumes, each containing four hundred and sixteen pages of original and selected matter such as has heretofore been presented to its readers, and which, it is hoped, has been of a character to meet the full approval of the literary and general tastes of the reading community. The two volumes will comprise eight hundred and thirty-two pages, fifty-two of which will be Music.

The aim of the Publishers is to present in a compact, neat, and portable form, a literary and miscellaneous journal adapted to the intellectual wants of their readers; and from the very flattering success that has thus far rewarded their efforts, they indulge the hope that the New-Yorker will continue to receive that share of public favor which it has ever been their study to merit. The expression of cordiality and good feeling manifested by their friends and cotemporaries affords gratifying evidence that the character of their journal has been based upon a correct foundation, and it would therefore be irrelevant to say aught regarding their future intentions, further than to express their determination of leaving no means untried of furnishing a sheet which will bear respectable criticism when compared with any of the periodicals of the day of a similar character.

To those who propose patronizing the work, promptitude in forwarding their orders is earnestly recommended, as from present appearances it is believed that, large as the edition is which will be printed, still the numerous orders daily received for it, will quickly put it out of the power of the Publishers to supply back numbers, and they will not warrant the entire volume to those who may come in late with their subscriptions. Annexed are the conditions which must be strictly adhered to, as the line of conduct laid down will govern the transaction of business between the publishers and patrons.

CONDITIONS.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra-imperial sheet of the finest quality, comprising sixteen pages of three columns each, and afforded to its patrons in city and country, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable inflexibly in advance. Orders from a distance, unaccompanied by a remittance, will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending $5 positively free of postage or other charges will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in the same proportion for a larger sum. The few who may desire to take the folio edition for immediate perusal and the Quarto for binding, will be entitled to receive both for $4 50 in advance. We will cheerfully preserve their files of the Quarto for any such who may desire it.

H. GREELEY & CO. 127 Nassau-st. New-York.

*** Editors of papers exchanging with us will please give the above an insertion.

THE NEW-YORKER—(QUARTO,)

Is Published every Saturday Evening, at No. 127 Nassau street,

BY H. GREELEY & CO.

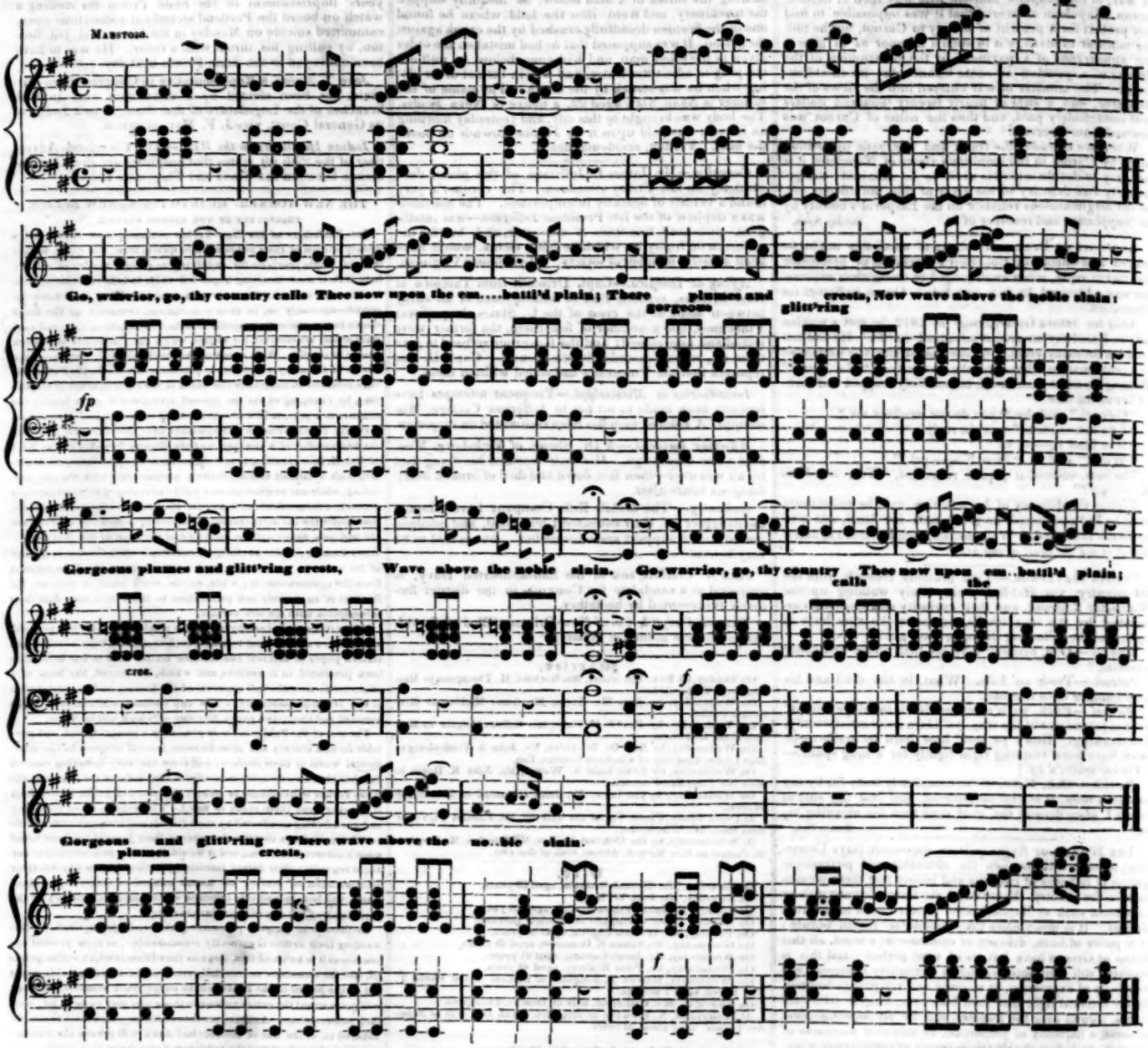
TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Two copies will be sent to one order for $5 or we no charge is incurred for agency or postage, but not otherwise. Local agents sending us the cash in advance free of charge will be supplied at the same rate.

GO, WARRIOR, GO.

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY MISS ANNA L. PUTNAM;—COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY JUPITER ZEUS HESSER.



2. Hark, hark, along the banner'd host,
There rings the dreadful peal of death;
And there the shouts of victory,
Is mingled with the parting breath:
There the shouts of victory
Mingle with the parting breath.
Hark, hark, &c.

3. Go, warrior, go, the laurel bough
Is waving o'er thy path of fame;
And see it waits to deck thy brow;
Go, warrior, gain a deathless name:
See it waits to deck thy brow,
Go and gain a deathless name.
Go, warrior, go, &c.

4. But when the snowy veil of peace
Shall show our bleeding land is free;
And when the trumpet's voice shall cease,
Come, warrior, come again to me:
When the trumpet's voice shall cease,
Warrior, come again to me.
But when the snowy veil, &c.

From the New-York Evening Star.

A TALE TOLD IN A CHURCH-YARD.

BY T. J. BARNETT.

We were betrothed, the village pride,
A laughing, dark-haired girl was she,
Who, mindless of the world beside,
Resigned her virgin heart to me;
A holy prize of vestal love,
As pure as angel breathes above.

With eyes that spoke, we often met
In early life, in youthful years,—
How dear we loved, dark Memory yet
The record keeps; 'tis traced in tears,
Alas! how often is the Past,
The tomb of first love and the last!

Stern Time rushed on! (as rush he will
Though hearts be severed, empires swept;)
And many vows were broken. Still
The faithful girl *her* promise kept:
True to the pledge *her* lips revealed,
That *mine* confirmed, that *both* had sealed.

The war-cry rose! we parted, where
The swelling wave a proud ship bore;
Furled were her sails—a tear—a prayer—
A farewell kiss—and all was o'er!
Though hope forbade, I deemed that *then*
We parted ne'er to meet again.

Years came and went! the battle won,
With pride I trod my native shore;
The dark and fearful strife was done;
Affrighted peace locked glad once more:
A warrior's meed adorned my brow,
And all was changed—*except my vow!*

With eager step I passed the crowd
Of flattering knaves and greeting friends,
Though many who had *spurned me bowed!*
(Such the importance *title* lends!)
Honored with fame—obeyed—caressed—
But *one gift more*, and I were blest.

I sought her humble cottage home,
The scene of gay, of blithesome years,
And all were there—but *she* had gone!
And I was wed to grief and tears:
You rude, plain-lettered stone will tell
The *grave* of her I loved so well.